CHARLES PERRY SCOTT

FIRST BISHOP IN NORTH CHINA

FOR FIFTY-THREE YEARS MISSIONARY IN CHINA

BY

THE RIGHT REVEREND

BISHOP MONTGOMERY, D.D., D.C.L.

WITH A FOREWORD BY

LEONARD, BISHOP OF SHEFFIELD

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL IN FOREIGN PARTS,
15, TUFTON STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1

1928

Price Two Shillings.

GENERAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
NEW YORK

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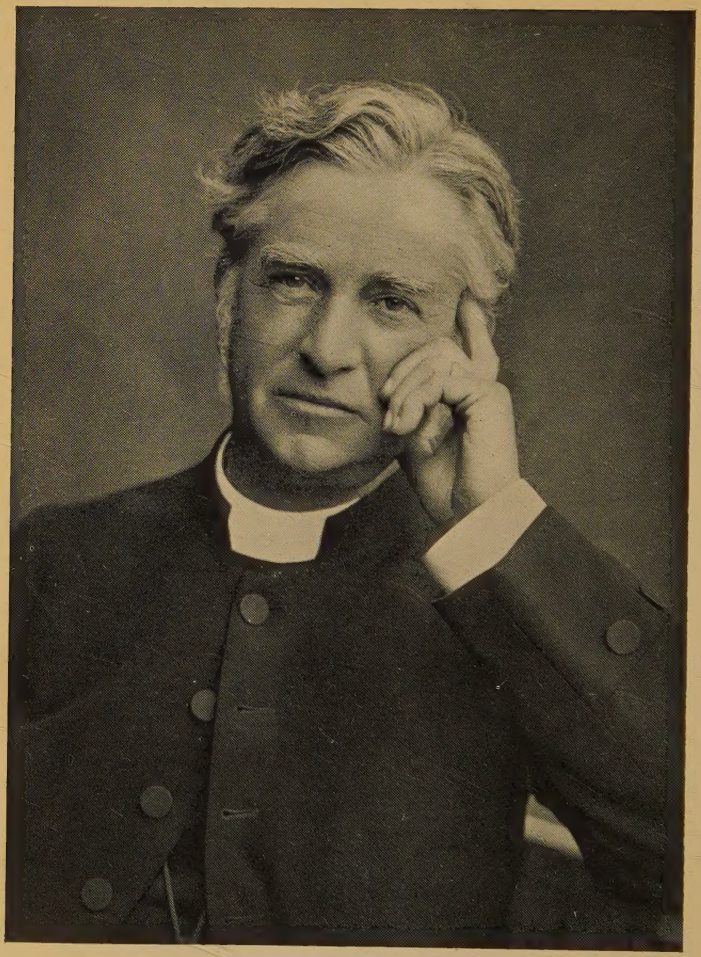

Charles P. Scott, Bishop.

[*Photo—Russell*]

1847-1927

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BISHOP MONTGOMERY, D.D., D.C.L.

Sometime Bishop of Tasmania; late Secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts; Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral; Prelate of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

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TO MARY SCOTT,
NIECE AND MISSIONARY,
AND FOR LONG YEARS MORE THAN A DAUGHTER
TO
CHARLES PERRY SCOTT

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FOREWORD

I count it an honour and a privilege to be asked to write a foreword to the biography in which Bishop Montgomery, himself a veteran in the service of the Church overseas, has sketched the life's work of one who was a singularly true and attractive representative of the contribution the Anglican community has to make to the progress of the Kingdom of God upon earth. As I read it through I recognised at once how accurate and illuminating was the portrait given of Charles Perry Scott. There was the Charterhouse boy : how well I remember the first time I saw him making an innings of 42 for Old Carthusians against the school; the son devoted to his home and the family circle ; the young curate under one of the best of parish priests, loving his work and popular with everyone in the best sense of the term; the inexperienced missionary growing to love the Chinese, striving to learn the language, indomitable in patience, cheerfully humorous under the most trying difficulties ; the responsible bishop, facing with faith and courage seldom equalled, the storms of revolution, and the horrors of war ; never despairing even when the wife he loved so dearly was taken from him ; building up the Mission afresh with wonderful success, training his workers,—the translator, the architect and the saint combined—and then the bishop in retirement: with a prophetic vision, helping and farseeing to the last. The day has past

when men could say there are no bishops' graves overseas. Bishop Scott's grave lies in the China he loved so well. May the motto he found so true call many another to follow in his steps—

" He that sent me is with me."

LEONARD H. SHEFFIELD,
President of the N. China & Shantung Missionary Association.

AUTHOR'S ACKNOWLEDGMENT

CHARLES SCOTT was a splendid correspondent. So far as it was possible, he seems to have written home weekly for more than fifty years : to his mother while she lived ; and to his sister while *he* lived ; to his brothers and other relatives when he could ; besides long occasional letters to friends.

Masses of these letters have been lent to me. And what a " light hand " Charles had ; how gay he was, as well as spiritual. He turned from humour to gravity naturally and easily. His love of home was supreme, yet he would not return from the land he had adopted. I hope I have given examples of his charm as well as of his intensity and steady zeal. All possible printed documents have also been placed at my disposal. Last, not least, those who have worked with Charles in China have given invaluable aid. Mrs. Cockin and Miss Mary Scott have also carefully scrutinised these pages and offered many suggestions.

INTRODUCTION

It would not be becoming to write a memoir of Bishop Charles Perry Scott without a brief and respectful reference to the various branches of this Scott family in the past century, though they have deprecated my references to them. Few could shew a steadier and more capable service for the Church.

The first to whom attention must be called is he who is designated by the whole clan as "the Commentator."

The present generation probably knows little of him, but the Rev. Thomas Scott, Rector of Aston Sandford, Bucks, was a great spiritual power in the days of the Evangelical movement.

One quotation alone testifies to his deep influence beyond the borders of his own Church. In his old age, William Carey, the great Baptist Missionary, wrote: "If I know anything of the work of God in my soul, I owe it to the preaching of Mr. Scott."

From the years 1788 to 1792 there appeared Scott's Devotional Commentary of the Bible, in weekly parts. Every earnest Churchman and many beyond our fold fed upon it. In 1800, Mr. Scott became the first Secretary of the Church Missionary Society.

Great as were all these services to the Church, they are equalled by the records of his immediate descendants; for example, the history of two of his sons—John and Thomas.

I. His eldest son, John, was Vicar of St. Mary's, Hull. He had a son, John, who was also Vicar of St. Mary's Hull, and succeeded his father in 1835. This second

Vicar of St. Mary's had a large family. Note their record. There were six sons and three daughters. Four took Holy Orders :—

John, also Vicar of St. Mary's, Hull ; St. John's, Leeds ; and of Wanstead, in succession.

Cooper, Rector of St. John's, Chester for 40 years.

Errington, Vicar of Norton, Stockton-on-Tees.

Charles Perry, Bishop in North China.

Two laymen sons became solicitors. One of the daughters married the Rev. Charles E. Cockin.

II. Thomas, the Commentator's second son, became Rector of Gawcott. He had six sons, of whom four took Holy Orders :—

Thomas, Rector of Wappenham.

William, Vicar of Dunmow.

John, Vicar of Wisbech.

Melville, Archdeacon of Stafford.

Samuel, a doctor.

Another son of Thomas, George Gilbert, brought great glory to the family, leaving his mark on the Church by his own talents and those of his descendants. This son became Sir Gilbert Scott, architect ; his son Gilbert was also an architect, and the son of this Gilbert is Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, architect of Liverpool Cathedral and the Memorial Chapel at Charterhouse School at Godalming : and now Miss Elisabeth Scott, cousin of Sir Giles, has been chosen to build the Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon.

Sir Gilbert Scott had two other sons, John Oldrid (architect) and Dukinfield, F.R.S.

Thirty-nine direct descendants of the Commentator have taken Holy Orders. Lack of space forbids a further record.

III. I have yet a third group to tell of—the five Scotts who followed Charles to China—of them in due time.

H.H.M.

CHARLES PERRY SCOTT

CHAPTER I.

Early Life and Holy Orders.

Charles Perry Scott was born in the parish of St. Mary's, Hull, on June 27, 1847 ; his father was the second John Scott to be vicar, his brother, the third vicar ; his mother was Amelia Cooper, daughter of Samuel Cooper, Esq., of Tranby Lodge, near Hessle, his godfather being Dr. Charles Perry, Bishop of Melbourne, who had married his mother's sister.

The following is a brother's account of Charles : " This brother was of a very gentle and sweet disposition, goodly to look upon, and one who gained and retained the affection of many. His was one of the sensitive and conscientious natures, capable of enduring considerable suffering. The Archbishop of York, Dr. Musgrave, gave him a nomination to Charterhouse School as a Foundation Scholar—and there he went, not willingly, but with good courage as soon as he reached the age of ten, the minimum age of admission. It was in the days when the school was in the City, and I have been to see him there playing in cricket matches on ' Upper Green,' in the heart of London." (Quoted from *Things that were*, by Cooper Scott.)

Those of us who were at a Public School sixty or seventy years ago may realise what this home-loving, sensitive boy must have endured. Fine training, if only by God's grace we win through as he did. Nearly twenty years afterwards Charles wrote from China to his mother: "I feel dreadfully for poor little H——. I think the early schooldays of a boy well brought up must be the most painful in all life. I remember with marvellous distinctness the occasion on which I heard the first boy at Charterhouse swear. Three of us were lying on the grass watching a cricket match—one, a very good fellow, has been dead some years now. The other, also a very good fellow, at first used the word for an inanimate object. Shortly, however, he applied the curse to our mutual friend. So far as I can remember, I had a sort of sensation as if the nice-looking boy had become a serpent. . . . . You say, in speaking of this, that it is easier to use the armour of God against the foes outside than those within us. It seems to me to depend upon the temperament. With me I think it was, and is, the reverse; and so far as I did make any stand against evil, I found it easier to do so by example than by word."

Two surviving schoolfellows tell of him.

The Rev. O. S. Walford: "Entering as the smallest boy in the school, he left it as a monitor. During the years that I was with him in the same House and Form, I cannot think of anyone of our time who stood higher in the esteem and

affection of those who knew him best. The House, I know, owed much to his high character and influence for good."

Dr. Reginald Macan: "We were in the Sixth, and in the football and cricket elevens, together for a couple of years before he left in 1866. We used to go into school in those days from two to four, and no one in the Sixth was apt to be so sleepy on a warm afternoon as Scott. We used to have some friendly jests and stories about him."

Charles' father died ere he left Charterhouse, and the following story of the years that succeeded, written by Charles' sister, who still lives, will be read with tender interest: "My mother went to live in Sutton, in a small house, in 1865, when my father died at the early age of 56, leaving six sons, only one of whom was really settled in life. This was my brother John, who succeeded in time to the living of St. Mary's, Hull; and Charles was still at Charterhouse. The people of Hull raised a large sum of money as a testimonial to my father's memory, and this helped to finish the education of the younger boys: the other three were soon settled in professions, but it was a time of great anxiety for my mother. We all knew what it was to be poor. Some years later, one of our brothers, a lawyer in Hull, who had lost his wife after only two years of married life, bought a larger house in Sutton and took my mother and sister to live with him and his little daughter. That house at Sutton has been the 'home' of the family

ever since, a most welcoming home to children and grandchildren from 1880 to 1895, when my mother died; and also since then, till my brother died in 1925, leaving the old home to his daughter, who is still there. This is the home where we hoped to welcome the dear bishop in 1927.

"I wish I could give any idea of what our mother was in our lives. She was always fragile in health when we were young; but after we went into the country she became stronger and lived to be 86. She very rarely talked about religion, but she had the most balanced judgment in all matters of right and wrong, and was absolutely unworldly in her outlook. In some of her letters to one of my older brothers she says she earnestly prayed that some of her children might be called to do missionary work, for she always felt that she herself could do so little in the way of giving money. So, when the dearest of all her sons went to China she felt that her prayer was answered."

Commenting upon this bit of family life, I may say here, once for all, that all through his life "Sutton" stood forth as a kind of paradise. I have read hundreds of Charles' letters to his mother and sister. Home and Sutton are intertwined. Yet he determined to live for China, and to die in China.

Cambridge.

Charles and I both went up to Cambridge in October, 1866, and we met immediately in the

rooms of my great Harrow friend, Montagu Stow. I remember we discussed the question whether we three should not offer ourselves as Sunday school teachers in the Jesus Lane Sunday school. My own impression is that Charles appalled at the task as it presented itself, rightly drew back after a Sunday or two. I cannot blame him.

Since he was at Jesus College and I at Trinity, our meetings were infrequent, and I turn to a member of his own College for any record of his university life.

The Rev. Henry Andrew lived on the same staircase. He says " He was so blameless—always quiet and not caring much for social intercourse with many, though an interesting companion with a few friends."

Charles was elected a Rustat Scholar: it is not competitive, and is meant for clergymen's sons of straitened means. He played football for the College and was in the College choir, hardly ever missing King's Chapel on Sunday afternoons, and had a piano in his rooms. This bit of furniture led him into mild trouble with the Master, who was at times kept awake by Charles' musical parties. He was also in the College cricket eleven, and made an excellent captain, generally keeping wicket. And it will soon be discovered that Charles bubbled over with humour. I can relate here a detail to which he referred from time to time as a true record of his own calibre. Writing to his friend he says: " I wonder if you remember the

humour of my first character in the Charterhouse eleven, 1864, in ' Lilywhite.' C. P. Scott bats prettily and in good style. Average $3\frac{1}{4}$."

Charles took the ordinary degree in 1869, passing out fifth in the first class and in the Theological School, with a special mark in Hebrew.

Holy Orders.

Early in 1870, Charles went to work in the new parish of St. James, Derby, taking with him two pupils. I hear of his " fine tenor voice," and a lady who knew him well in Derby tells of a favourite song of his, " When sparrows build."

After a few months he went to work as a Lay Reader under the best possible auspices, namely under the Rev. G. H. Wilkinson, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, and was ordained the same year in Advent. A very tender affection sprang up in the vicar's heart for Charles, whom Wilkinson looked upon as a son. On Charles' side reverence grew at once for his chief. When he returned home from St. Peter's the first time, he said to his mother : " I wonder why I have been sent to Mr. Wilkinson. He is one of the most remarkable people in England, I should think." And it was Wilkinson who fired Charles to devote his life anywhere and without delay whenever the call should come.

Those who know something of the history of the early 'seventies will remember that it was Wilkinson who at S.P.G. House proposed the

" Day of Intercession " for the Church abroad, and how, on December 20, 1872, it was kept with intense solemnity ; nowhere more so than in Eaton Square. Many whose " praise is now in the Gospel " were moved by those prayers : Bishop Balfour and Bishop Corfe among others. By no one was the Call more instantly obeyed than by Charles Scott. He tells how on the night of December 20 he wrote to his vicar, posting his letter in a pillar-box near Victoria Station. Years afterwards he writes how he went and stood by that very pillar-box, recalling the action which had determined the course of his entire life. Charles says that two, if not all, of his colleagues acted in the same manner. The vicar considered the situation and we may realise with what prayerful intensity. Finally Charles was chosen to be the parochial representative abroad. He himself had been drawn to India, or to South Africa. But that Day of Prayer had also produced an offer of a sum of £500 for five years from an anonymous donor, and united counsels determined the sphere chosen for Charles—North China, under the auspices of S.P.G. It can be stated now that the donor of the above sum was Mr. Dudley Smith, the banker, and a member of St. Peter's congregation. It was he also who in 1880 endowed the new missionary bishopric of North China with a sum of £10,000.

In 1873, Charles welcomed a companion bound on the same course. The Rev. Miles Greenwood, curate of Padiham, offered for

North China and went into lodgings with Charles, in Vauxhall Bridge Road. Together they studied the language, going also to Guy's Hospital to pick up at least the rudiments of dispensing, of ophthalmic problems and general nursing. Charles tells of Greenwood's keenness in these studies, how he bought a skeleton, taking it to China in his portmanteau, to the horror and consternation of those who know what Chinese sensibilities are, or at least were, in those early days. A year thus passed.

Here I may set down once for all what Charles felt for Wilkinson and for the faithful at St. Peter's. Looking back for nearly fifty years, he wrote : " Words fail me to tell of the help and blessing, public and private, known and unknown, which have come to me ; the sympathy, prayers and money,—from this parish. Name after name comes to my mind, chiefly of those who have departed this life. I will not begin to mention them. I should certainly omit some quiet and unobtrusive, praying persons, whose claims in God's sight are among the foremost ; at the head of all, my beloved friend and father in God, Bishop Wilkinson."

On St. Peter's Day, 1874, the Rev. G. H. Wilkinson dismissed Charles Scott and Greenwood with blessing, preaching on " Thou therefore, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus " (2 Tim. II, 1). He ended with these words : " My son, as thou hast been true to me and to the Church, so be true to thy God. . . . Live as long as thy God has

need of thee on this earth. . . . Believe whatever trials may lie before thee in him who has said, 'my grace is sufficient for thee.' "

The day before these two had been dismissed in S.P.G. Chapel by Bishop Perry, Charles' godfather.

Mr. Wilkinson had also drawn up for Charles " Suggestions " for the conduct of the mission. I am indebted for these to the Rev. F. H. Sprent, who had a copy of them given to him in turn in 1883.

I. Suggestions by G. H. Wilkinson.

To live in the spirit of the New Covenant,

(*a*) In the Sabbath spirit ;

(*b*) No provision (so far as possible) for to-morrow. Day by day. Daily bread.

(*c*) Entire surrender to our God. Poverty. Obedience (spiritual). No asceticism at first. (See St. Vincent de Paul.)

(*d*) To carry the cross of being misunderstood by the religious world, as to systems, beliefs, results.

II. Obedience to the Bishop in Synod (however imperfect Synod may be at first). Each priest to go where sent,—to return home when sent,—by Bishop in Synod.

III. The Church of England as interpreted by its Prayer Book to be the starting-point: but the Catholic principles of the early Church, as adapted to China, and not a mere copy of Anglicanism, to be the aim.

IV. The Bishop will set the example of putting all his income into a common fund. Others will do as they like at first, but no stipend will be given : only a generous provision made for food and clothing, with a reserve fund.

V. In all difficulties, to have days of prayer, and of waiting on God, followed by conference ; and, if need be, correspondence with the Church at home.

VI. A warm centre to which missionaries shall return from time to time. Here, always,

Daily Celebration,
Daily offices,
Extempore prayer.

VII. All that is meant by Evangelical liberty, Church order, Sacramental system, taken for granted.

No one can read it without admiration for its mixture of intensity, commonsense and sane Churchmanship.

I cannot refrain from inserting here an appreciation of these two young missionaries by one who knew them well in after years.

" C.P.S. was a mixture of Yorkshire grit and patience. It was his wonderful patience (the virtue that made him akin to the Chinese) that enabled him to ' hang on,' and get things done eventually. Greenwood had patience also, but his dominant virtue was humility. He was a perfect saint, one of the most self-effacing men I ever knew."

In due time we shall get Charles' estimate of his colleague. The two missionaries went to China across America.

The North China Mission Association.—Indispensable aid was given to Charles, first by the S. Peter's Missionary Guild, then by the growing North China Mission Association, one of the most vigorous of the missionary associations at home. It was well indeed that it should be so, since the S.P.G. grant for North China for years was very small. No name stands out more prominently in this Association than Charles' eldest brother, John, vicar of St. Mary's, Hull ; afterwards of St. John the Evangelist's, Leeds, and lastly rector of Wanstead, Essex. Throughout the country he laboured indefatigably. So, in due time, did the Rev. Mackwood Stevens, and to-day, the Rev. Canon Hicks, and a great number of faithful friends of the Mission—new and old.

The first President of the Council of the Association was Lord Colville ; followed by Bishop Wilkinson, then by Bishop E. C. S. Gibson, late of Gloucester, an old school friend of Charles at Charterhouse. To-day, the Bishop of Sheffield, Dr. Leonard Burrows, is the honoured President.

CHAPTER II.

China, 1874.

The letters of Charles Scott contain from time to time, for half a century, comments, reflections and criticisms of China, its Government and people. It could not be otherwise. He is always sympathetic, feeling deeply for a great race passing through a painful transition stage, knowing the history of other nations and their contact with China, and Chinese territory, and Chinese law. He noted the return of thousands of Chinese highly educated in America and Europe, and imbued with democratic ideals. And all through these troubles—his own also were great,—he loved the Chinese. He would not otherwise have determined to end his life in China, even after his retirement.

Charles went out to this great Empire at the call of duty. He had only one object, to bring the best of tidings to this race, and as an Anglican. All through his career he determined, in company with almost all Christian denominations at work in China, not to shield himself behind British force, or to appeal against Chinese methods ; ready always to obey Chinese rulers ; and refusing compensation, if offered by British force ; choosing rather to suffer affliction and the loss of all his possessions, even to experience martyrdom among his workers, than to do

anything that might tarnish the fair fame of the Mission by any unworthy action.

It seems right therefore in these strained and sensitive days in the Far East, to quote most sparingly, if, indeed, at all, anything which would hurt Chinese sensibilities, though written long ago, and sympathetic.

For the sake of any who have not followed Chinese history during the last half-century, I have obtained from a good friend a brief list of China's troubles, internal and external, during Charles' Chinese career.

1873.	Troubles in Hunan.
1874.	Troubles in Yunnan with a British Expedition,—the murder of Mr.Margary.
1884.	Troubles with France in the South.
1885.	Troubles with Corea. Troubles with Upper Burma.
1894-5.	War with Japan.
1897.	The murder of German missionaries in Shantung, and Germany in Tsingtao (Kiao-chow).
1900.	The Boxer troubles, murder of our missionaries, and loss of all missionary and personal belongings in Peking and elsewhere.
1904-5.	The Russo-Japanese War.
1911.	The Revolution.
1918.	Soviet machinations and general unrest.

It may also be of use to state that the Dowager Empress of China took over the reins of government in 1898, starting then on that anti-foreign campaign which, in 1900, culminated in the sieges of Tientsin and Peking. Charles Scott lived through all these troubles.

Chefoo.

Scott and Greenwood arrived at Shanghai on September 17, 1874. At Shanghai they met Bishop Russell, in whose jurisdiction North China was included.

The situation was briefly this: the C.M.S. began work in Peking in 1862. Up to 1874 the visible result in Peking and Yung-ching had been 46 baptised Church members, 36 becoming communicants. In 1874 the C.M.S. Mission retired in favour of the S.P.G., but one of the C.M.S. men remained (Brereton), joining Scott and Greenwood. Bishop Russell, consecrated in 1872, lived 700 miles from Peking, and could only exercise nominal control over North China.

Before our two young missionaries arrive in Chefoo, where S.P.G. had told them to locate themselves, being a treaty port, let me indicate the position. Scott had to take over a C.M.S. Mission without friction. Glance at the "Suggestions" given them by Wilkinson, and note the delicacy needed.

Yet again, Chefoo was the sea-side resort of the missionaries of many Protestant societies. How would the newcomers be received? In

a vast country such as China, was it reasonable that the new Anglican Mission should crowd into a settlement where there were schools, hospitals, and mission stations of American and British societies? Scott, however, possessed two qualities of great value. He came with no preconceived ideas, determined to accept what he found, and to work contentedly and patiently. This attitude is often unconscious, yet hardly any other makes so certainly for peace of mind, especially for the pioneer. It also often exists side by side with a natural sense of humour. On the other hand, Greenwood, for his part, was the humblest of men, a characteristic which also makes for peace.

On October 3, 1874, these two landed at Chefoo and their life-work began. Greenwood's for twenty-five years. Finally he was laid to rest in this very place after working for years in the interior.

Charles made Chefoo his centre till he passed on to Peking in 1883. His first letter, written on the day they landed, is headed: "Then are they glad because they are at rest; and so he bringeth them to the haven where they would be." One clause in that first letter meant more than he then realised: "We have been most kindly taken in by Mrs. Nevius, in the absence of Dr. Nevius, the head of the American Presbyterian Mission here." Two months later he speaks as follows: "It is wonderful that we have been led straight to these people. It makes one feel God's goodness and love to be so real,

that he should have, as it were, sent before us to prepare such a home, for they have only been settled in Chefoo two years, and in their house one year, though they have been in China twenty years. . . . I have been sent to the house of one who seems to combine the wit and elegance of ———, the attractiveness and kindliness of ——— and the piety and intense refinement of ———, to say nothing of a strong fund of commonsense."

Then a deep note: "The 103rd Psalm is wonderful. When we are weighed down by the visionary and distant character of all that is heavenly, how beautiful that this immeasurable distance is but the gauge of God's mercy. When I attempt to cross in thought the thousands of miles that separate us, there is at least the sweet thought that our heavenly Father uses this vast distance as a figure intelligible to us of the impassable barrier which he has raised between us and our sins."

Mrs. J. L. Scott (no relation, strange to say) tells of the excitement caused by the arrival of the two Anglicans in Chefoo. "Of the way in which Mr. Scott attracted every one who knew him, it is difficult to write adequately. Apart from his good looks and his beautiful spiritual nature he had such charm, and this he retained to the end of his life. He was the most excellent company, witty and amusing, a delightful guest in every way; and how he loved a good story! I often think of those Sunday evening suppers, when he was the life and soul of the party, and

the delightful hymn-singing afterwards in his charming tenor voice was a great asset."

Scott and Greenwood at once set about learning Chinese. Scott writes in April, 1875 : " I do not learn fast, but I have been able to catch the tones and twang so that a Chinese can understand me with ease."

And now it may be asked, who was the leader of these two ?

Scott writes (Christmas Day, 1874) : " You will want to know how we get on. We are very happy together, and supply each other's needs. He has a little knowledge of business, and you know I have none. But I find, as indeed Mr. Wilkinson told me, that I have practically to take the lead. It is not very pleasant with a man so much older than myself, or rather it would not be if he were not the best fellow in the world : he is not the sort of man to leave you all the responsibility and then abuse you ! I did not think there was a man in England who would have made me feel that I ought to lead him, but I find that if I don't, we should simply step gracefully behind one another until we arrived at Liverpool again ! Not but what Greenwood would do perfectly well alone, but he is so shy and distrustful of self, that while there is another man on the scene he *will* get behind him, so that there is no place for the other man but the front."

In March, 1875, Charles writes a long letter to the St. Peter's Guild, describing joyously and wittily his first journey into the interior. It was circulated in print, but is far too long for insertion here.

The Union Chapel.

Scott and Greenwood most hospitably and affectionately housed (remember) in the home of the senior Presbyterian minister, were now called upon to decide their line of conduct in regard to a general place of worship, which, in one form or another, had existed for ten years. It was built for the English residents, and conducted by a co-pastorate body of Protestant missionaries of several denominations. Amongst the subscribers were a great many Anglicans, and it was their privilege to have their own services when one of their clergy was in Chefoo, especially on the first Sunday in the month. There was an administration of the Lord's Supper once a quarter. Scott and Greenwood behaved with the utmost tact, recognising the peculiarity of the circumstances, and acknowledging that they could not conduct regular services, situated as they were ; and most of all, they were unwilling to commence their work by anything unbecoming or by seeming to desire to set everyone right, whilst those on the spot had done all they could for the spiritual needs of the English colony. They arranged, with Bishop Russell's advice, to hold a celebration of Holy Communion an hour before the morning service on the first Sunday of the month, conducting other services when possible. The S.P.G. Committee cordially approved, and Mr. Bullock* added : " We feel deeply the obligations under which we are placed by the great and

* Secretary of the S.P.G.

constant kindness which Dr. Nevius has shewn you." He asks whether S.P.G. could not send him some token of recognition,—Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, Robertson's Church History, &c.

Another of their resolutions is noteworthy. They determined to refuse, with due respect, all invitations to parties and evening entertainments. It might have been deemed churlish, but there was much social life, too much for them; they had the language to learn; they remained firm throughout these first years. At the same time, Charles at once recognised the intellectual calibre of the missionaries: "There is one thing out here which has surprised me very much and opened my eyes, concerning the missionaries. I had an idea, and I find it is a very common one at home, that the vast body of missionaries were an inferior class of men. This, so far as I can see with regard to China, is an utter and absolute mistake. I have seen some twelve or fifteen men now, of several religious bodies, English and American, and feel sure that on the whole they are men of considerably higher power intellectually and spiritually than the average of the English parochial clergy at home. Another point, too, strikes me: I think at home we have an idea that the work here is just beginning, because we can only judge from the statistics of converts, &c. In reality the whole of the eastern side of the country has been traversed and retraversed by missionaries; has been preached

over and sown with Christian books to a vast extent, so that numbers know at once what a missionary has come for, and understand a good deal of what he says."

What does Mrs. Nevius think of Charles Scott? She writes in 1876 to his mother—(I wish I could quote the whole letter). She refuses to consider Mrs. Scott a stranger, since she has heard so much of her. She has learnt that Mrs. Scott knows what ill-health is, and she writes: "Do you know what it is to be always tired?" Then, after charming reflections: "Your son is so bright and cheerful. He is a delightful mixture, I think, of the boy, and a very dignified, good and slightly severe clergyman, not a bit too much of the latter, nor indeed of the former. His sweet disposition makes him a favourite wherever he is known. His influence is excellent on the foreign community, and the stronger, I think, from the fact that he has not allowed himself to be too much engrossed by its somewhat frivolous merrymakings. . . . Mr. Scott is getting on nicely with the language. His pronunciation is unusually good. . . . He takes kindly to the Chinese and they to him. . . . Before long they will be leaving us to commence work more by themselves. (1876.) It seems a necessity under this most unsatisfactory state of divisions between Churches and societies, but it will be a great loss to us."

She speaks of her husband's absences on tour, and then: "I am not sure that I could have been left so long had Mr. Scott not been here. So

you see that it is really a great thing for us, I mean for our mission work, to have had these dear friends with us. Anything I have been able to do for them has only been a delight ; indeed, one of the pleasantest experiences of my long missionary life."

In time they moved ; the address " S.P.G. House " occurs in July, 1876. They had passed into a rented house. (Charles showed it me in 1910 and with returning memories.)

In October, 1876, Mr. Corfe appears, and I will give Mrs. Nevius' opinion of him, for he stayed with them when he came ashore from the *Audacious*. But first about Charles : " I wish I had my dear Mr. Scott's happy way of saying a great deal and just the right things in a few words. How well he writes ! Mr. Corfe stayed last Sunday with me, taking the morning service. He is interesting and seems very good, but he would, I fancy, be thought by many to be too severe and too exclusive. He sings and plays well."

But again I quote Mrs. Nevius on another matter. (October 11, 1877.) She writes to his mother : " I am forwarding his letters and I am so sorry that there is not one English one for either of them. May I take the liberty of making a suggestion ? It is that it should be arranged in some way that each home mail should bring your dear boy at least one letter either from you, or from one of his brothers and sisters. You know how strong his affections are. I think one of the hardest things which we

missionaries have to bear is to realise how we are gradually slipping out of the daily life and interests of our old homes. It is inevitable, and no one is to blame ; but when a mail has come, or more than one, without bringing your dear Charlie a home letter, I can see that it requires no little self-control not to yield to depression."

[We all agree, but it was not the fault of the family, but of the broken communications during Chinese unrest.]

In July, 1878, Scott took Mrs. Nevius into their own house after recovering from serious illness. She is enthusiastic over his arrangements for her comfort. Then she proceeds : " The daily services are a great delight to me, for in my long life in China one of the greatest trials has been the absence of just such privileges. My natural tastes, and I think I may say, my sincere convictions have always inclined me to desire something rather different from Presbyterian services, and it seems to me a special Providence which has provided for me a table in the wilderness," . . . " I think you understand what a dear friend he is to me. I can never be thankful enough for the kind Providence which brought him to us. I miss him so very much when he is away."

The First Tours.

Early in 1875, Dr. Nevius invited Scott to accompany him on one of his tours.

" Lai-yang. This morning Dr. Nevius and I

went out with our pockets full of books, and stood with our backs to a wall, and were surrounded by a crowd of curious Chinese, to whom he talked right well. I am now writing in a place which is more like the prison of my imaginative youth than any other building I have seen. I stood in my great ulster coat this morning and looked at the queer faces and made great efforts to connect myself with the Charterhouse boy, and the Cambridge undergraduate and the St. Peter's curate. It was most interesting to see my work face to face for the first time."

He wanted to discover where his mission should settle, constantly vexed by "our divisions." (1875.)

"It is curious living with those of another communion, and it is extremely trying and humiliating to feel that with all the numerous points we have in common, we have yet a real barrier, raised not by them, but by ourselves. They are powerless to realise our position, thoughtful and delicate as they are on all points where they know we feel keenly."

Then, where to settle. (1878.)

"Pray that God will give us such an opening as may make our way clear for us. We look for a call to some special quarter, but don't care much where it is. We thought we had come to a conclusion to seek work as far as possible from where other missionaries were settled, but the good Bishop strongly advises us to choose the best places, independently of whether there are none, one or ten other missions established there."

In the end they were led to Tai-an-fu, which is at the foot of the sacred mountain Tai-shan ; also to Tsi-nan-fu, the capital of the Province of Shantung, and to Ping-yin, near the Yellow River. About Tai-an-fu he writes : " There seems to be no interest whatever in us and our work among the people of this city, for they have often seen foreigners before. But, of course, it is important during the pilgrim season, as we can publish the fact of the existence of Christianity far and wide. In consequence of the want of life in the city, I suppose it has not been considered an advantageous post to occupy, and has been passed over by the missionaries."

Let me now add a human touch. (1875.)

" I did not mention the extraordinary pleasure which the first sound of a musical instrument gave me on my return from the country. It had not struck me that I had never before been without the sound of an instrument for more than a week at a time, and as soon as I had put my fingers on the keys I felt as if I had found out something entirely new, and the effect was such as to bring the tears to my eyes at once. It was so intensely pleasant that I long for an opportunity of repeating it, though it was certainly a dearly bought pleasure at the price of five weeks sojourn in the country."

In February, 1876, in an up-country inn, he writes : " Yesterday, after the morning service, I sat down to read, but the children began stealthily to tear open the paper windows, and the Christians inside preserved a melancholy

silence, and the strangers came in and they all glared at me till I got into that terrible state of nervous rage which one used to feel when dinner was delayed on Sundays after service, and I felt as if I would gladly feel the people burn before me ; so I jumped up, put some biscuits in my pocket and bolted up the nearest hill and ate my lunch in a warm corner whence I commanded a lovely view of mountain, sea and island. I felt more kindly disposed when I returned."

I have never known anyone keep so full an account of anniversaries of all kinds. It almost seems as if every day in the year recalled for him some memory of home, or of life's journey, of births and deaths, of great joys and also of sorrowful days.

Chapter III.

The Great Famine, 1878.

Now I have to tell of a very fine bit of work. Scott in his four years in China had not gained a great mastery of the language when he was called to distribute relief among sufferers in one of the most terrible famines in history. He published an account of it for private circulation in 1885, and a long letter on the same subject appeared in the *Mission Field* for November, 1879.

Distress began in Shantung in 1876. In the autumn of 1877 news came of far worse trouble in the western parts of Shansi. In due time Shensi, still further west, was affected. The Chinese Government were deeply concerned, and put forth every effort to supply food ; moreover, individual Chinese gave freely. Some districts gave £50,000. Individual merchants contributed sums of £6,000 each. Foreigners also were actively assisting : a London committee sent £1,600 to be allocated by missionaries. Roman Catholic authorities in Europe sent £35,000, their own Chinese Christians in large numbers being in great peril. Probably more than £100,000 came from foreign sources, and missionaries such as the Rev. Timothy Richard and Mr. David Hill, did yeoman service on the spot. The famine had extended over the greater

part of four provinces, each as large as an European kingdom, with populations from fifteen to twenty-five millions in each. There had been no rain for three years; the forests had been destroyed and the ground desiccated; rivers had been silted up, checking irrigation; the roads had been neglected; (opium) poppy had been replacing wheat, as being more lucrative. It was estimated that from nine to thirteen millions of the people had perished. Food was piled on the wharves far away, but it was impossible to reach the starving people. The roads, such as they were—mere tracks indeed—provided an awful spectacle: the dead lay around, wolves and dogs fed on the bodies of horses and cattle and human beings; industry had ceased, everywhere there was the silence of stupified misery. Robbers were at work. The people became so desperate in their hunger that they ate anything whatever, and it is best to draw a veil over the worst occurrences.

In the summer of 1878, Charles Scott was asked to go and distribute £1,000 given to S.P.G. by an anonymous donor, this sum being increased to £4,000 by the Famine Relief Committee in Shanghai. It meant going into regions he had never visited, whereas there were many missionaries in the famine area. Of course he consented. Writing to his mother, he says he would take all care, though pestilence would be stalking through the land, and he promised to keep himself adequately fed. Mrs. Nevius, however, was so alarmed that she deliberately

refrained from writing to Scott's mother till her son was returning, for fear of frightening relatives at home. In May, 1879, on their return, she says : " I never approved of the undertaking. I was greatly hurt by the coolness with which some of his friends, both in China and England, urged his going on a work which might have cost him his life or his health, or might have proved an entire failure on account of his inexperience."

It had been made clear, however, to his friends that here was a level-headed, capable man, who was fit to tackle any problem needing prudence and self-control. They were right. He and a young colleague, Mr. Capel, a servant " Ma," and a Chinese from Ningpo, started on a journey which in the end led them 1,000 miles from Chefoo, through the most harrowing scenes on roads almost impassable, travelling in great discomfort and carrying at first £1,000 in silver on the backs of ponies. I have before me a score or two of his letters written during this trip, and what strikes one is the quiet way he meets all difficulties. He writes as a doctor at the front might have written among the wounded and dying, and as one inured to the work. The only malady from which he suffered was a succession of boils, a form of misery endured by him at other times.

Scott put himself at once, wherever he went, into the hands of the local Mandarin, and it was necessary for all distributors to determine whether they should give relief in grain or in

money ; also whether it should be wholesale or retail : that is, whether through the heads of a village, or from house to house. In some districts one method was adopted, in some another. money was given either in copper or cash notes, or in silver. Scott was compelled to distribute silver by the advice of the local authorities, and the method was so extraordinary that I must give it at some length.

In Fen-hsi-hsien in Shansi, where there was great distress, silver was given in packets to the representatives of each family. These packets had to be ready before they reached a village, information about the families having been procured beforehand, and of course the amounts varied indefinitely. I now quote :—

" The most laborious work was the preparation of these little parcels. There is no silver currency, the metal being usually cast into rough blocks weighing fifty ounces (or taels), and worth about £12 each. Before these can be manipulated, they have to be subjected to the forge and the blacksmith's hammer. Two of this craft we had into our yard day after day, and their business was to flatten out and break up the blocks—' shoes,' they are called—into pieces of about 2 oz. each. Mr. Capel, Ma, and I, were each furnished with small scales on a steel yard. A Chinese stood by with an enormous pair of shears which could only be used by the whole weight of the operator's body being brought to bear in a sitting posture on the upper arm of the instrument : this man's duty was to

clip the cold silver, when the results of the blacksmith's labour turned out, as of course they often did, to be above the required weight. The servant was told off to watch the blacksmith, and see that not too much silver was lost in the process of heating and beating : in fact we had to weigh each ' shoe ' before cutting and after, and if in any case the difference exceeded a fixed maximum, the workmen were not paid for their labour over that particular piece. Then we all set to work for two or three days at a time, heating, hammering, clipping, weighing, and making up the little packets, on each of which the amount contained was written by a Chinese pen."

It was one of Scott's troubles that the Mandarin would insist on giving them big dinners. It seemed indecent to sit down to these at such a time. Sweetmeats provided on such occasions they bought and sent to the children. They were also careful at all distributions of relief among the representatives of families, or before the whole village, to give the fee to the officials who accompanied them in the most public manner, in order that the people might be assured that nothing was required from *them*.

As to numbers relieved: Scott, in Ping-yang-fu, relieved 1,572 families in thirty-two villages, each family being separately visited. In Fen-hsi-hsien 3,490 families in five large districts ; and if it is asked why they had recourse to the cumbrous method of silver distribution, the answer is that the authorities assured them that

the people in these villages would be unable to get to places where notes or other money could be exchanged. Of course there were others at work on a far larger scale. They were residents in the districts employing seventy or eighty distributors. Messrs. Richard and Hill must have saved 40,000 lives.

In some districts seven-tenths of the population had died ; a house could be purchased for the price of a meal. In one district of 120,000 before the famine, only 30,000 were left. In Honan Province, Scott says : " We are told here that the famine has carried off more rich men than poor ; the meaning being that the poor very soon gave up the struggle, sold their lands, houses and furniture to the rich and fled to places where they could live. The rich gradually accumulated great property, but exhausted their supply of grain, and finally, when it was too late, and when they had no means of raising money wherewith to fly, they found death stared them in the face."

" The destruction of property is enormous. Good houses sold for eightpence. I was shown a very fine house sold for £7, which cost £7,000."

It will be asked how the Chinese estimated this aid from foreigners, and whether evangelisation prospered.

Scott writes : " The immediate good results to missionary work are in proportion to the amount of labour which has been bestowed upon the district previous to the famine. For

instance, in this Province of Shantung there has been a good deal of missionary work for several years, and the famine relief seems to have given a great impetus to the work. . . . For ourselves, we felt that the time of the distribution of money was not a favourable one for the preaching of the Gospel to a people for the first time. In the first place, we were surrounded by the avaricious and dishonest: such men cannot make the nucleus of a healthy Christian community. But there was another reason which weighed strongly with me at least. The one thing that a Chinese does not understand is disinterestedness—(Remember, this refers to the interior of China half a century ago). He can hardly believe in the existence of such a virtue. As soon, then, as the foreigner arrives with his hands full of silver ready to distribute to any who are in need, the first question he asks is 'Why does he do it? What does he want? What object has he in view that he should come 14,000 miles and give away thousands of pounds of money, for of course he accepts a *quid pro quo*?'

"Various replies are given. Some say that he wants to buy the hearts of the people; others that he will return in a prosperous year and demand his money with enormous interest. . .

"Under such circumstances it seems better that the distributors should withdraw as their work is completed. I believe the effect must ultimately be great. . . . I am thankful we were permitted to engage in it. The experience has been invaluable. I should not now feel we

were acting rashly in travelling, however far, into the interior. But it did not seem to us that there was any special call to go immediately to Shansi."

Scott mentions that one mission station was opened in consequence of famine relief, Hochien, 120 miles from Peking, and by Brereton.

Summing up, Scott writes to S.P.G. explaining the heavy cost of the expedition. They were absent nine months all but three days, starting for an unknown destination, and having to be prepared with sufficient food when in very critical conditions. Travelling was very slow, roads being blocked, and prices were very high. In one case it cost £6 to despatch some letters to Chefoo.

The places from which they chiefly worked were Pu-chow, Ping-yang-fu, Fen-hsi-hsien in Shansi; and Scott also visited six principal cities in Shensi, the further western Province.

Arriving home (Chefoo), in May, 1879, he writes thankfully for letters " received in such queer places and dens of the earth, cheering my darkened and be-China-ed soul, and bringing tears to eyes which had grown too hard to cry. The weather kept wonderfully cool for our home journey, but I felt the burden of it and had a sensation that an extra special Providence kept us from breaking down on the road, where there were no necessaries for an invalid. I steadily felt more uncomfortable, but preached and celebrated Holy Communion on Sunday, at Chefoo, feeling I was somehow wrong. The next

day I had fever. We were a little nervous, for 'fever' has come to have a grave meaning for us of late in North China." It proved to be neither typhus nor typhoid, as was first feared.

Those who read this record will give a sigh of relief, thanking God for a gallant venture splendidly carried through, and a return just in time.

CHAPTER IV.

The Episcopate.

No one could now doubt Charles Scott's fitness for a position of great trust. Certainly he did not dream of what the call would be, for in September, 1879, he writes : " I do not expect an answer to my question whether we should move from Chefoo, in prospect of the movement for a bishop in these parts, now being ventilated in the *Mission Field*." Bishop Russell had lately died.

In July, 1880, he reached England—called back in order to be consecrated first Bishop of North China. He was consecrated on October 28, 1880, St. Simon and St. Jude's Day, by the archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Tait), the assisting bishops being the Bishops of London, Winchester, Rochester and Antigua: and Bishops Perry, Courtenay and Claughton, retired. There were consecrated at the same time, Bishop George Evans Moule, of Mid-China, and Bishop Nuttall, of Jamaica.

The diocese of North China meant episcopal supervision of Anglicans in the six Northern Provinces, namely, Chihli, Shantung, Honan, Shansi, Shensi, and Kansu ; from all these the American Church and also the C.M.S. had retired, handing all jurisdiction to the new bishop.

He preached at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, three

days after his Consecration ; soon afterwards, in Charterhouse Chapel, he gave the Founder's Day address.

I pass on to his departure to his diocese in July, 1881, after a delightful reunion of the brothers at Chester, Canon John Scott having determined to accompany Charles as far as New York. The Ven. Archdeacon Cooper writes that all the clerical brothers were given a part in the farewell service, and he adds, in writing to the mother : " For the first time, except perhaps as little children, I had the opportunity of seeing your six sons together. They are a lot of whom you have no cause to be ashamed, and for whom I have no doubt you often feel thankful."

The following will amuse : " Charlie stepped on board with perfect composure (after certain humorous incidents). This was shewn in a little incident which came under my own eye. A button of his gaiters escaped and rolled along the deck to the feet of a man leaning against the bulwarks, who stooped down and appropriated it. Charlie, however, blandly put forth his hand and thanked him graciously for recovering it."

On the voyage across the Pacific there was delightful society, Lord and Lady Harris : and Lord Zouche, who wanted to make a trip in wheelbarrows to the sacred mountain with the bishop.

"The weather at Chefoo in October, glorious."

Then another bit of fun : " There has been a wonderful amount of marrying and giving in

marriage since I left, and it is not over yet ; for I have made up my mind to marry Miss Maclean ; that is, if she raises no objection when I ask her if she is willing to become Mrs. Scott. Dear me ! How awkward and ambiguous is the English language ! The above is only a harmless announcement that I am to perform the marriage ceremony, which is to unite the above young lady and a certain Mr. Scott (no relation whatever)."

His first service as bishop, in the Union Chapel, with Corfe as organist, was an important occasion ; there was a large congregation, including Hudson Taylor and many other distinguished missionaries. Reading his " letters commendatory" from the Archbishop of Canterbury he announced his intention of confirming any who wished to be communicants of the Church of England in the authorised way. Also, every Sunday there would be morning service in his own chapel.

The Rev. C. J. Corfe.—I have mentioned Corfe, and I will briefly tell of his connexion with Bishop Scott, at Chefoo, from 1881 to 1883. He had given up his connexion with the navy, a most difficult decision, in order to help the North China Mission, by training men at Chefoo for the mission, and he arrived soon after the bishop with three young men.

The following extracts from letters will show what a blessing Corfe was. November, 1881 : " It is an unspeakable comfort having a man of Mr. Corfe's calibre about one."

Corfe returned to England for awhile in January, 1882, and the bishop is depressed. "Corfe and ——— sail in two days. I feel stunned and queer, or should do, but that all life is becoming so full of tragic events that nothing would seem unusual now. They leave me behind to wield alike the brush of the artist, the baton of the conductor, the ferule of the tutor and the staff of the pastor."

He was building and decorating his chapel among other things.

To his mother: "Welcome dear Corfe. Don't be afraid of him. He is most true and good, and like a brother to me. He is very lovable and very good, is he not?"

Corfe returned in due time, and once more was the greatest comfort and solace to the rather lonely bishop. But in June, 1883, Charles writes: "The old *Audacious* has just come in, looking very grand, but she gives me quite a turn, looking as if she had come to carry off Corfe, as she originally brought him seven years ago. You will understand my feeling this when you know that he is leaving me in a fortnight for England. Again the prop is to be removed, and my feeble dependent spirit made to rest only on the one Arm. I am getting accustomed to it all now, and only wonder during each brief period of quietude to what convulsion it is the prelude. This time Mr. Corfe takes with him the two remaining students of the first batch. The young men must have a year in England, with the discipline of a college life. . . . Corfe

BISHOP SCOTT AND SOME OF HIS FELLOW-WORKERS.

C. P. Williams. H. Hedgewick. | F. L. Scott. Shih Hemg Chang. | Li Ming Shih. Bishop Scott. | A. L. Brown. Wang Shen-tien. | S. A. Partridge. F. H. Speed.

does not intend to return, but I shall be more than surprised if he does not turn up again. The people here are devoted to him and grieved at his departure ; he is so good and lovable that they would not mind if he were ten times as ' High Church ' as he is."

June 25, 1883. " I have just returned from seeing dear Corfe depart. It is a grievous wrench, and leaves me once more without a human prop. . . ."

And once again : " (*October*, 1883) Corfe is as you say, both an able and a pious man. I have only known intimately one so good a man in my short lifetime ; he really has got a very long way out of ' the world,' and out of himself also ! Yet his venture at Chefoo was for many reasons a complete failure."

Corfe went back to his beloved navy, but was indeed to return to Scott—first as his neighbour bishop, then later to help him in Peking and Newchuang.

Departure from Chefoo.—I am not writing a history of the mission, all of which can be read in Bishop Norris' *China* and in other books. I pass from Chefoo. The bishop dedicated the St. Peter's Mission House on St. Peter's Day, 1882, and in the following year he consecrated the little chapel adjoining. It was all the work of his brain, and much of his handiwork, his first sacred building. Soon he began to display a remarkable gift for architecture, carrying on a distinct Scott tradition.

Departure from Chefoo seems to have brought

to an end his worst loneliness. Indeed, it breaks one's heart to remember that after seven years he was still left with two priests—Greenwood and Brereton,—with yet no very apparent results from his own work. In March, 1882, he writes: "I am more and more convinced of the overwhelming evidence of the Divine origin of Christianity by the fact of its obtaining a footing at all, against the tremendous odds: for, humanly speaking, it is simply impossible that these people should have such trust in us as is required to accept the religion which we bring, with all the consequences involved in its acceptance."

Space does not permit me to do more than allude to the reinforcements which after 1883 began to come to his rescue. Sprent, Benham Brown, Norris (the present Bishop), Iliff (first Bishop of Shantung), Jones, Mathews, Sidney Brooks, Norman, and other names.

Sprent, one of the first of these, was always a special comfort. In him, as in Scott himself, "the boy" remained. There are constant references such as the following: "Dear Sprent, good and hopeful . . . He is such a lovable fellow, thoughtful and gentle as a woman. I think I should 'cave in' if he were to go."

Peking.

Scott had not even visited Tientsin or the capital till 1881, places which in due time would give him ineffaceable memories. At Peking he

made acquaintance with the Legations, our own first and foremost; and he made friendships with our successive ministers of the warmest character.

But it was in 1883 that he finally gave up Chefoo as his permanent centre, migrating to Peking with F. H. Sprent. The latter tells how they actually entered the walls making involuntary obeisances, each in turn being thrown to the ground by the stumbling of their donkeys—"a very appropriate manner of entering the Imperial City," said the bishop.

They were received by Brereton in the old C.M.S. Compound, and there they and the others lived till 1900. Everything on that spot was destroyed in the Boxer rebellion and new quarters were obtained further west in 1901, with the help of Dr. Morrison, the *Times* correspondent. But the old C.M.S. site was again occupied by the boys' school (Ch'ung Te), of which F. L. Norris was the first head, and where Scott lived after his retirement, and where he built the chapel which became the memorial of his own work and life.

The first actual convert by Scott and Greenwood was baptized about 1884, ten years after they first came. The same patience was needed, be it remembered, in the C.M.S. Fuh-kien Mission, now so extended and established. The same was true in Corea, and also far away in the New Zealand Mission. In Yung-ching, in 1884 the bishop writes about some men and women of 80 who were confirmed. "One's first feeling

is one of anxiety lest some of these deaf and blind old people, who cannot learn anything, and whose theology is summed up in 'trust in the Lord,' should not be fit for these solemn rites. Afterwards I think, comes a truer and happier thought, that it is for such simple and helpless old folk that the speaking rites of the Church are chiefly ordained, and that just as our Lord gives the unspeakable blessing to the unconscious child in baptism, so he may do for each of these his children, far beyond what we, with our reasonings and discussions, can imagine. How easy it is for him to pour a perfect flood of light into a heart which the mind cannot formulate or the lips utter. So I hope it may be with these dear old folk, and with us all in our measure."

THE BRITISH LEGATION.

The bishop transformed the Legation Chapel from a storeroom into a seemly place of worship. As Bishop Norris says, he had a marvellous gift for adapting most unlikely places into comely places of worship. St. Faith's Chapel (Peking) was an ordinary "temple," about 35ft. by 14ft. The first Tientsin Church-room was a stable. But, to return, Mr. Robert Hart, afterwards Sir Robert, was a great supporter of his; Sir Harry Parkes and his family were dear friends. "1884. He is a man of enormous energy, and conscientiousness, and the present French worries give him great anxiety. . . . We had heard of warlike measures, and I had preached on 'the Lord sitteth above the waterflood.'"

ARCHBISHOP BENSON.

Scott received a charming letter from the Archbishop worth quoting in full. (1883.) " My dear Brother,—How long have I been in acknowledging your kindness—and perhaps my delay has prevented the coming of your second promised letter. But I would let no one else write to you for me. And not until a little illness has bestowed on me a little idleness have I been able to please myself. I hope the work of God is slowly ripening round you. I hear your brotherhood broke up, but I do not know why. Leaving Truro has been a great sorrow. The consolation has been the great strange goodness of God in sending our beloved friend to live in our house (Wilkinson). That one thing makes one feel that God has plans which I am incapable of conceiving in sending me here. You will, I know, pray for the English Church throughout the world, which keeps on sending us here the most wonderful cheer. For, while the horizon darkens in some quarters, the brightness on the whole is growing brighter—fast. And so you will pray that we at the centre may at least try to do what you have a right to expect of us. We all join in kindest remembrances to you, for those of us who do not know you in the flesh know you almost as well as those who do. God be in and through and over your wonderful work.

Your most faithful Brother,

EDW. CANTUAR."

I have been told that in Archbishop Benson's diary (not yet published) there occurs the following sentence : " Have been talking to the two most interesting men in the Church of England —Temple and Wilkinson."

The following reflections light up Scott's mind.

1885, to his mother : " I have been much interested in your remarks on *John Inglesant*. The spirit of the man reminds me of Thackeray without his cynicism and humour ; but there is the same abounding compassion for and sympathy with all that is human. By the way, is it not odd that a book can be attractive without a dash of humour in it ? "

The Chinese Christians. (1885, Hochien.)— " The poor people have been flooded worse than usual, but our Christians refuse to ' curse God and die.' I am cheered by the reality of their faith—few, feeble and ignorant as they are. Two out of six whom we proposed to help said they could manage to pull through without, which shows how the ' love of money ' is relaxing its hold."

Sir Harry Parkes. (March, 1885.)—" Sir Harry did not appear at church. I went to see him afterwards ; he welcomed me most cordially, and at once made an apology, saying that, Sunday though it was, he had been making strenuous endeavours to ' pull a very lumbering ass out of a pit,' referring to ———."

A few days afterwards he writes : " We have just come from the solemn funeral service of our

dear friend and chief, Sir Harry Parkes. His daughter arrived, toiling up the river in the vain hope of looking upon his face before the coffin was closed. . . . The remains are to be sent to England for burial. We sang 'Lead, kindly light,' Sir Harry's favourite hymn. . . . The only alteration I had to make was in the committal, 'We therefore commend this body to his Almighty keeping. . . .' I never was so hard put to it to get through a service without breaking down."

Then he describes the most impressive gathering of all officials, Chinese and foreign. "Historically, there lay the man whom all the foreign residents loved and respected, and whom all the Chinese respected; and their great men came to join in doing honour to him whom, twenty-five years ago, before a foreign ambassador could reside in the city, they had tormented and dragged about in a cage, threatening that his head should roll down the walls if he did not induce the English troops to withdraw. Matters are greatly changed for the better. Sir Harry allowed it in the last talk I had with him, and spoke hopefully of our missionary position in Peking as one to be held on to, against the time which should surely come, when we should be admitted to visit familiarly with the great folks of Peking. This was not in his usual style, and it impressed me the more, and now that he is gone, it seems like a parting prophecy."

A terrible account of the sufferings of Loch and Parkes is given in a *Personal Narrative*, by H. B. Loch (Murray).

The Cambridge Seven.—" I have had some of the young men here. They are very good and devoted. I thought ——— needed to be made to laugh a little, but perhaps that was my unregenerate nature cropping up. I should long ago have been dead or mad but for the blessed power of enjoying a joke. I am glad to see that ' Saint Gordon ' got much relief and pleasure from humour. I remember poor Mrs. M—— long ago saying how much a sense of humour had helped her through her troubles, and warning me quite solemnly never to marry anyone who did not understand a joke."

" Don't be troubled because people don't come here to me very quickly. (He speaks, in contrast, of the swarms, the fifties, that join the China Inland Mission.) The work is going on, I trust, in the deepening of the few Chinese whom we have."

He is troubled about his being one of the " moderate " men ; wonders whether both C.M.S. and S.P.G. are not both of them too " moderate." Asks whether some " special mission " is needed. " The Church of England cannot possibly take her place in the mission field unless she can find out how to control and use *fire*, and both the grand old Societies, from their very construction, are too apt to use water instead of oil in this connection."

(It is good for the Church that walks in " the old ways " to be probed.)

And he is nothing if not self-critical, and continues : " How truly consistent we are through

life,—you remember my average in Lilywhite, $3\frac{1}{4}$. I was always made captain over better men than myself, and here I am again, great show of style, but no runs,—always dribbling the ball to the goal, but never get it through."

We love and trust the leaders who say such things of themselves.

The City of Peking.—A few lines about this amazing city, as it was at all events forty years ago.

"The only view over which I was genuinely enthusiastic is that of Peking from about fourteen miles off, from the top of the hills: and that is a never to be forgotten sight."

But, remember that no foreigner could then enter any of the great palaces or even great houses. And he does say that the view of the city from the walls is very beautiful in summer: "You see nothing but the trees, the splendid roofs, the gate towers, and the palaces. . . . What does awaken interest is the unceasing and unfailing energy of trade in all its forms. . . . You feel as you go through these markets, that here, in this mercantile spirit, is the force which is surely and not slowly re-invigorating this great nation."

The Country. (June, 1886.)—"Hot as it was, the aspect of the country was very bright and pleasing compared with what it usually is when I go out: miles and miles of yellow wheat, parties of cheerful reapers (or pluckers)—male and female,—with no worse liquor than a kettle

of tea. Ruths gleaning after the reapers, and the Boaz-es lying out on the threshing-floor all night, to protect the grain ; the villages seemed to have become one vast threshing floor whereon men, women and children disport themselves from morn till night, performing all necessary offices. The straw is carefully kept, and employs the women all the year through in plaiting the braid of which your hats and bonnets are made, for vast quantities are shipped to Europe. Though some thousands of miles further from Judea than you are, we are yet much more familiar with Bible scenes : ' two women grinding at the mill ' may be seen a hundred times a day, and one is at no loss to understand the employment and surroundings of that mysterious and shamefaced Egyptian maid who was ' behind the mill.' "

Missionary Reports (he fears them).—" Please never send any ' extracts ' to anything : they all come out here and swell the sum of ' rose-coloured ' reports which are hurled at missionaries by unsympathising fellow countrymen. There is, however, more promise of success than I have seen hitherto."

Reunion.

" As regards the improvement and decoration of churches, you must not imagine that these things are very ' red rags ' to other Christians here : they rather admire such things, and wish they had more of them in their own churches, I

think. The ' Nonconformists ' in this city, so far from being afraid of me, have implored me again and again to go and preach at their Union missionary meeting on Sunday nights, and to conduct the service in any way I please, ' for we love you,' said the dear grey-headed veteran of the American Congregationalists who represented them. If people ' crave ' for re-union at home, they can have little idea what the longing is in the heart of any man out here who is not made of wood. I never hear the Roman Catholic bell (10 minutes off) but I raise my heart in prayer that God will re-unite us, and I am certainly not less anxious to be joined to my Protestant brethren. But God must do it—and he is doing it very fast, I believe. For our own Church to play the very important part seemingly allotted to her, she must stand fast till the word is given, simply holding to her principles, without bitterness, malignity, jealousy, or mis-representation. The main part of re-union has been accomplished, now that Christians' hearts have been drawn together. I feel tolerably safe so long as I find that my affection and respect for those who are not of us, increases rather than diminishes. I could worship with the greatest delight in the Roman Catholic Cathedral, or the Quakers' Meeting House, if I thought it consistent with my duty. I fear I am a very broad churchman without the courage of my convictions, so I creep along between the pages of the Prayer Book until our rulers shall awake to the truth that the Holy

Spirit is still living in us. These remarks are called forth by your reproaches anent my improvements in churches and worship ! "

(An interesting letter just as he started for a Lambeth Conference, albeit it was in 1888, and not in 1920).

Let me now give humour a chance.

June, 1886.—" I am much amused to see how admirably your memory serves you, though you complain of ' forgetting.' I am alluding to your reminiscence of the Shanghai paper, in which you say that you ' cannot tell what it was, except that they wanted such a man for dean or chaplain, or something, as they would never be likely to meet with.' Nothing could possibly have described the state of things more accurately or more acutely."

Mission Anxieties.—On December 31, 1887, the bishop writes from Tai-an-fu : " Sprent and Brown go on quietly in a house too small for them to do much active work at home. There are the usual efforts to dislodge us, the only open opposition at present being the posting of anonymous placards threatening those who shall rent, mortgage or sell houses to the foreigners, and those who provide them with food." (The American ladies from Tsi-nan-fu sent them a Christmas dinner.) " All roads seem closed to us as the old year departs with disappointment and perplexity. We all know, however, that God knows best, and has wise purposes in keeping

us at present from finding a home in Tai-an-fu. I hope Sprent and Brown will not have to settle further away. People are quite civil and quiet, but the magistrates want to get us out."

The patience of Scott and his brethren won the day.

Corea (1887). He writes : " I hope to go to Corea with Bishop Bickersteth, of Japan, after Easter, so you must pray for us."

He finally went in September of this year, saying he would land " at a port called Chemulpo." So much has happened since it was an unknown place.

September, 27.—" I suppose I am the first English bishop who has set foot in this land, for my companion is still expected from the land of the rising sun. . . . From all I can hear of the Coreans, they will prove far more ready listeners than the Chinese. The political complications are extraordinary. The Americans are the great influence. The Roman Catholics have a truly noble record of martyrs, French and Corean, and the many converts now existing are said to be unusually favourable specimens of Christianity. . . . Americans are mostly urging Corea to assert independence of China, Japanese also, because they, like the latter, also consider they have suzerain claims on the country. Thus the Corean Government is in terror of China, Japan, Russia and, since we took Port Hamilton, of us also, though we have given it back. . . . The poor King is feeble—very ; and the Queen, who is not, is pro-Japanese."

He says also, " My brother bishop is three years younger, but looks fifteen years older, and a man of real power and learning, like a home bishop ! I felt frightened, but I liked him very much and rejoice that he is in Japan. Our host in Corea instinctively sent him in first with the lady, never dreaming that he was junior, both in age and by consecration ; we did not quarrel about it, but if we had had wives, would there ever have been an end of it ? "

Scott surely appraises the Corean situation excellently. He little knew that he was preparing the way for his friend Corfe.

The First Ordination.

Scott left China for England in March, 1888. Ere he departed, he had three causes for thankfulness :—

He had finished the first part of the new edition of the Prayer Book in Chinese. Moreover—and it was with much rejoicing—he ordained the first Chinese deacon, February 26, 1888. And Sprent and Brown had at length secured a house in Tai-an-fu.

It is delightful to know that the Lord's much-tried servant could now go to the Lambeth Conference of bishops carrying some " sheaves with him." He was also going to his marriage, and the happiest possible.

CHAPTER V.

Marriage—Life from 1889 to 1900.

The next eleven years overflowed with happiness : central, surely, from more than one point of view for the bishop : ending in sorrow indeed yet nothing could obliterate the memories of his married life.

On August 8, 1889, he was married to Frances Emily Burrows, in St. Giles', Oxford. Her father was Professor Montagu Burrows, Fellow of All Souls, and Chichele Professor of History ; her mother was related to the famous French family of Brocas. It is remarkable also that her father had been a captain in the navy before he returned to university life, continuing his work for the Church at all times.

Frances, brought up in a deeply religious home always entered whole-heartedly into religious and social questions : she also had a beautiful voice and was chiefly instrumental in forming the Oxford " Glee Club." Deep within her was a vein of romance which called her to take wide views, and the story of the Church overseas naturally fascinated her. Thus it was that she became devoted to the welfare of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa, and wrote, in 1880, the pamphlet *The Key to Africa*, the motive being approval of the removing of the centre of the mission to Zanzibar.

Then followed a visit to Ceylon to her brother. It is right to mention such facts, for nothing could shew better how she seemed to have been unconsciously prepared to be the helpmeet of Charles Scott. Her letters shew also that she abounded in humour and was full of vitality, able also to meet difficulties with a cheery courage.

(The above facts, and others to follow, are taken from a long article in the *Land of Sinim*, January, 1901.)

It was a happy party, which left England for China on September 20, 1889, in the S.S. *Shannon*. The bishop and his wife were accompanied by four new workers—and such workers: F. L. Norris, G. D. Iliff, Dr. Alice Marston, Miss Jackson. The two men did not know that they were both to become bishops: Dr. Alice went to start medical work in the diocese. The bishop, three days afterwards, writes of the parting service at St. Peter's, and cannot forget the humour as well as the deep feelings, and the handshakes from hundreds. He continues, speaking of the partings at the docks: "The whole surroundings were (could not but be) typical to me of the changed circumstances of my own lot, of the vast differences between this and my other partings. It was a great wonder to me as I said good-bye to the dear brothers with a gulp, and turned to find Frances by my side, how I had ever managed to do it alone; but true it is that grace sufficient for the day is ever given."

" We six can just crowd into our cabin for our daily prayers. I preach on Sunday morning at the saloon service, Norris in the evening. He is an able man and a charming reader, which goes a long way with me. He makes friends wherever he goes."

At Hong Kong they heard of thirty inches of rain in thirty-three hours ; ten inches in five hours.

PEKING.

January 2, 1890.

Charles writes : " Frances is much amused because people look straight at her, sum her up carefully, and then say something of this sort. ' We all knew Bishop Scott had such good taste that he would choose somebody who would be very acceptable to his friends as well as himself.' "

And again : " I believe she has written to you and there is nothing left for me to say ; she is quite a voracious (if not quite a veracious) letter writer. I occasionally insert a ' not ' here and there, and destroy a lovely picturesque effect by a dash of cold water, or a handful of Peking dust."

Sickness and Floods.—For brevity's sake I here put together four events which occurred between 1890 and 1894. The first, Frances' serious illness (August, 1890). Fever could not check her high spirit. Her husband writes : " I quite understand the old Oxford doctor's description of her as admirably made for travel and enterprise

and endurance ; a wonderfully wiry constitution with highly strung nerves, and therefore plenty of suffering."

To this letter Frances adds a line about her husband : " Truly in sickness and in health he has fulfilled his marriage vow."

To shew what floods in China can be. "Alas ! it is a fearful year, such rain as has been unknown since 1870, millions homeless from flood, and our premises, of course, sharing with the rest."

I pass on to *July*, 1893.

PEKING.

" We have quite broken the record in the way of rain : we have had a very opening of the windows of heaven, and before we knew where we were, master and mistress, bishop and priest, coolie and carpenter were all working for their lives to remove (as Frances says) everything which had not legs on to something which had legs ! We are below the level of the street, and the barrier gave way, sending a limitless rush of filthy street water which never ceased till, in two or three hours, dining room, drawing room, hall, bedrooms were nearly two feet deep. . . . We saw why we had been permitted to build our upper storey (only one small room). . . . None of our houses has fallen, and thank God we are not ill yet ; but the doctor has ordered us all to sleep off the Compound. . . . The poor church is dismantled, furniture falling to pieces, organ

voiceless. . . . Access to the study can alone be had along perilously insecure forms and boxes."

Typhus.—At the end of 1893—(was it really in consequence of that flood ?)—the Bishop had a very serious attack of typhus fever.

" Typhus (he says) is really what plain people call ' brain fever,' and nearly all my inconveniences and discomfort have come from the queer sensations in my head. . . . Sounds come to me all wrong, and if I whistle, the effect is most peculiar. . . . I have never, t my conscious knowledge, had an illness before, and it is very odd to me to feel the helpless weakness when one first gets up from a sick bed. Frances, helped by Norris and Dr. Alice Marston, took the greatest care of me."

October, 1893.

Dr. Nevius.—He records the sudden death of his friend and benefactor, Dr. Nevius, from heart failure. " We had not seen him for four years. We came down to Chefoo this autumn for ten days ; Dr. Nevius rode over to call, and they asked us all, Bishop Corfe, Greenwood, Brown, Pownall and ourselves to spend an hour or two with them. . . . (Two days afterwards he was dead.) . . . Mrs. Nevius wanted me and Greenwood to read the English service at the grave. . . . Everyone in the community was present, and in the little cemetery (and looking down on the first house where we lived before my consecration) we laid our kind old

friend to rest. . . . 'Now the labourer's task is o'er' was a great favourite of his."

To turn to his own work.

October, 1892.

Tai-an-fu.—On SS. Simon and Jude's Day. Iliff was ordained, the service wholly in Chinese, In the afternoon four men were baptised, and confirmed immediately afterwards. "All this, you may imagine, is a very deep delight to me. God has indeed blessed this far inland station, and I have seen no such work in connexion with our Mission since I came out. The men who are gathering round us are comfortably off, quiet, respectable small farmers or scholars, mostly members of some obscure religious sect which looks like an offshoot of Buddhism."

Greenwood.—Mrs. Scott writes in 1891: "Charlie is deep in inventories for Mr. Greenwood. Poor, dear man! Settling him up tidylike with goods and chattels is very much the same thing as pouring water into a bucket with a hole in the bottom. Chefoo is too much of a thing for him to be in sole charge of much longer; though, through his munificence, Chinese work has really been started at last."

This humble man of God was laid to rest in the cemetery at Chefoo in 1899.

Home in 1894.—The bishop and Mrs. Scott paid a visit to England in 1894.

St. Hilary's.—I must give one letter of the bishop's, almost in full. It explains itself.

St. Hilary's House of Rest,

Western Hills.

To his Sister. *July* 30, 1896.

" You must have a letter dated on your birthday from this sweet spot where Frances and I have secured a too brief ' honeymoon ' of a week, before ' the ladies ' come out in force. We are so thankful to have got this little place, and I do hope it will prove a lightener of some of the ' Compound ' burdens. It is pleasing to me, viewing the very romantic nature of the spot and surroundings, to think that our dear Aunt Elizabeth's money has gone in the acquirement of this habitation for the Mission ; though it has cost us much more than that. But I am quite satisfied that it is a very justifiable and, indeed, necessary expenditure. . . . Imagine yourself riding on a mule, a donkey, or a cart through very foul and dirty streets, with huge mud lakes to traverse or negotiate in other fashion ; this for forty minutes or so, when a vast gateway lets you out into the open-air, and you catch an enchanting view of a long moat, a high city wall (in perspective), a great bold gate with double towers, shooting out at right angles to the wall, and clearly cut out against mountains which rise, range over range, into the Northern sky, while the side of the moat shows quite sufficient foliage to make the scene perfect as a picture. This is the first sort of breath of heaven and country ; it passes, and a somewhat

deadly suburb has to be traversed even more fertile in mud swamps than the city ; but all the time glimpses are caught of the ' Western Hills,' which is our destination, and after twenty minutes or so of ever lightening surroundings, we leave houses and pursue our way—if in a cart, along a deep-cut country road with picturesque graveyards and groves on either side ; if on donkey or on foot, leaving the road, we take a charming upper footpath with sweet fields of grain, groves of figs, a cottage here and there, a graveyard everywhere, till a magnificent pagoda stands before us, surrounded by the old moss-covered walls of a hoary town, and the various accompaniments of beauty in the way of trees and roofs which a Chinese temple always brings with it. The view here is lovely : we pass through the somewhat commonplace town, stopping or not at one of the Chinese inns for a ' cup of tea and other refreshments,' and as we emerge from the gateway at the other end, feel with a strange joy that there is nothing but road between us and the hills, which now fill the whole horizon. We work on for an hour till, from the ranges of every size and shape, one low ' cup-like hollow ' in the foreground catches the eye, and *keeps* it, by means of a dead-white pagoda planted about 150 or 200 feet above the plain, and cut out against a background of dark trees, etc., etc., the hills rising abruptly behind it, and forming themselves into a rough amphi-theatre, seamed with sharp deep gullies, each marked with groves of trees, while at every

hundred feet or two lovely old roofs of nestling temples look out from spots where the foliage is so dense as almost to conceal the buildings entirely.

"This spot is Ssu-p'ing t'ai (four level terraces), and is famous for the eight fine temples, most of which have been or are occupied by Europeans during summer. The last hour of your journey you forsake big roads, and find your way on beast or on foot across the fields with grain of various kinds and heights on all sides; but to the very end you keep your white pagoda as the lodestar. Often coming out in the evening you see it to the last glimmer of daylight when you could hardly find your way without it. And oh! how one gazes at and loves that old white pillar, which comes to mean, what shall I say? everything which contrasts with Peking: as you enter the valley it stands just on your left among many fine temple buildings, of which it is the centre. The great gullies, full of stones, converge just here into a broad river bed, with no water save just after a storm. We turn away to the right and ascend the opposite slope, till we are about the level of the foot of the pagoda, when we are at the gate of St. Hilary's. If not over-wearied, you take a turn for a few steps and gaze back on the magnificent view of the city, as it really is in many conditions of the atmosphere, and you feel very much as Christian must have done when he looked back on the Slough of Despond. But there you are, on the heights once more—sky, clouds, trees,

hills, country sounds and sights ; and, above all, fresh, sweet air, which gets sweeter with every step up the hills behind you.

"Our property is a small dwelling-house, built by a Mandarin for an invalid wife, whom he loved, and who used to frequent it in summer. It is wonderful how it has adapted itself to our purpose with little change beyond actual—extensive—repairs. Our sitting room is open along the whole west front, and looks right up the beautiful gorge, with the white pagoda standing in the summer moonlight like a glorious ghost. We breakfast and dine outside, when there is no rain, and have luncheon under shelter in the dining-room. . . ."

A summary of mercies.—The following details, unequal in importance, but having cumulative effect, will give us a sense of thankfulness for the Bishop and his faithful, but overweighted workers, during the years 1889 to 1899.

The growth of literature at home.—Scott wrote single letters home for some years, and these were printed and circulated ; but in 1893 this plan expanded into a Quarterly Paper, with a cover, and on the cover the Cross, copied from the Nestorian Stone of 781 A.D. in Shensi. This paper was called *The Land of Sinim.*

The Staff.—Mention has already been made of the four who accompanied Bishop and Mrs. Scott to China in 1889 :—

In 1892 Harry Vine Norman joined the Mission.

In 1894 F. J. Griffith was ordained for the Mission.

In 1895 the Rev. Roland Allen came out, also Deaconess Jessie Ransome.

In the same year Henry Mathews and W. Pigrum were ordained in China.

In the same year Sidney Brooks, brother of Mrs. Benham Brown; and in 1898, Charles Robinson also joined the Mission.

Churches.— The permanent church (St. Andrew) at Chefoo was built in 1895.

Two interesting gifts.—In the same year the bishop was presented with a pastoral staff, designed by Frank Norris, and made wholly by Chinese.

In 1897 a tenor bell was presented to All Saints' Church, Tientsin, by the Rev. O. P. Wardell Yerburgh, who had already given fifty hand-bells. The boys of the Peking School used to play on these bells quite successfully. Of course, the bells were all lost in 1900, when the Mission was looted and burned; but some years later a few were found exposed for sale on the streets of Peking, and were bought back. One especially sweet one has been the church bell for St. Hilary's Chapel at the Western Hills for many years.

CHAPTER VI.

Boxer Troubles.

Sorrow—Loss—Bereavements.

1900.

We pass from calm to storm.

The Boxer Risings.—This is not the place to enter fully into the unrest in China during 1899 and 1900. Those who desire to read graphic accounts of those days in the North China diocese are referred to two books: *The Siege of the Peking Legations*, by the Rev. Roland Allen (Smith, Elder), and the *The Story of the Siege Hospital in Peking*, by Deaconess Jessie Ransome (S.P.C.K.).

The following facts are taken from Mr. Roland Allen's book.

The Rev. Sidney Brooks was murdered near Ping-Yin by a wandering band, on December 31, 1899. Yuan Shih kai, the Governor of the Province, punished the murderers, and in due time paid for the fine memorial to Brooks, erected on the spot where he was killed.

The Chinese unrest had been "roused into new vigour by the aggressive attitude of the foreign nations, and the semi-political propaganda of the Roman Catholic Church." "They saw that the Roman Catholic Bishops had begun to assume the style of great mandarins; that

they were supported in all their actions by the foreign governments, and that the Chinese who entered this Church became members of a powerful guild."

They could not be expected to differentiate between Christians and Christians. No Anglican bishop ever dreamt of asking for official position, and in conference in Shanghai, on September 1, 1899, the bishops of our Communion passed the following resolution: "We have no wish to complicate our spiritual responsibilities by the assumption of political rights and duties—such as have been conceded to the Roman Catholic hierarchy—but we cannot view without alarm, both on behalf of our own flock and the Chinese population generally, the rapidly growing interference of French and other Roman Catholic priests with the provincial and local government of China."

The same line of action was taken by all other non-Roman Christian Missions in China.

There had also been famine in 1899, and Boxer preachers proclaimed that the drought was owed to foreign doctrines.

Sir Claude Macdonald was the able British Minister Plenipotentiary in Peking. Bishop Scott expressed his anxieties about the situation to him, on January 30, 1900. Finally, on April 18, he started on tour through Shantung, leaving Roland Allen in charge in Peking. Norris was with the bishop.

As troubles increased, Scott and Norris hurried back, reaching Tientsin on Saturday,

June 1, and met Mrs. Scott there: she had arrived an hour before, having come down from Peking to stand godmother to Mrs. Iliff's baby, and the bishop was to lay the foundation stone of All Saints' Church, Tientsin, on the next day, Sunday. On Monday, Norris went on to Peking, the bishop and Mrs. Scott, after concluding their business, were to follow on the Tuesday, June 3. Alas! they were prevented by the military authorities; Norris had gone to Peking by the last train. No foreigner approached Peking, eighty miles distant, after that date, till after the siege. The Rev. Roland Allen sent away all members of the Mission Staff to Tientsin, except Deaconess Jessie Ransome and her sister Edith, and Miss Marian Lambert, to act as nurses. Norris and Allen and the three ladies did splendid work all through the siege which lasted from June 12 to August 14. The whole story is of a miracle. A handful of foreigners in their legations held out successfully against thousands of Chinese soldiers. The Anglican Mission compound in the West City, some two miles from the legations was totally destroyed with all it contained. The bishop lost all his possessions of every kind except what he carried on his travels.

Tientsin.—We ought to be glad that the bishop was not after all beleaguered in Peking. He would have wished to have been in the forefront of the battle where the danger was greatest. So a general has often felt; yet he knows that

if he is to direct the whole operation he mustbe with his staff in order to communicate with all portions of the battlefield. In this case, there were Christian stations at Tai-an-fu, Ping-yin, Yung-ching, Chefoo, and half-a-dozen other places. There was also Tientsin, which was to be very fully in the war area. Iliff and his wife were in the parsonage at Tientsin ; Mathews was at Ping-yin ; Brown and Jones at Tai-an. These had to make their way to Chefoo as best they could, and with the utmost difficulty they succeeded. Burne was in charge of Chefoo, and Griffith at Wei-hai-wei. Three lady missionaries were teaching in All Saints' School at Tientsin, and these, with all other foreign women and children, had to take hasty refuge in the cellars of the Gordon Hall, when the foreign settlement was suddenly bombarded on Sunday, June 17. After the first fury of the bombardment was over, many women and children were got away in ships, and the bishop sent his wife to Wei-hai-wei. Surely he was right. Very soon the huge Chinese city of Tientsin was in a state of anarchy, and the Boxers, reinforced now by Imperial troops continued to shell the foreign settlements.

In whatever direction the bishop turned he was faced with loss of lives and property. Norman and Robinson were killed on successive days at Yung-ching, June 3 and 4, Whit-Sunday and Monday. Among the losses in the burning of the mission compound in Peking, I must place high—for the sake of this memoir at

least—the destruction of Bishop Wilkinson's letters, written from time to time for the past twenty-six years to one who was to him as a son.

After sending Mrs. Scott away in a man-of-war the bishop lived at Taku for a few days on board one of the naval ships.

I have been allowed as a great privilege to read thirty-four letters written during these anxious weeks by Scott to his wife. Sacred, indeed ; but as years pass we may be permitted for our own spiritual profit and for the history of the time, to possess a few extracts from this moving correspondence, as well as a few letters of Bishop Wilkinson's, written since 1900.

The year 1900 was indeed, central from almost every point. It was the last year of his wonderful married life ; it saw the temporary ruin of the Mission by the murder of three of his priests and of many Chinese Christians ; the total destruction of all his own possessions, alongside of the loss of the whole mission premises in Peking ; the anguish of waiting in Tientsin for news from the capital for six weeks, and from other mission stations of his ; coupled with this, his necessary separation from his wife ; and it culminated in the death of Mrs. Scott from dysentery, induced by anxiety and exhaustion, and the terrible conditions existing round Tientsin.

We have but one or two extracts from Mrs. Scott's letters. The bishop's own were prized by himself as recalling days which, without doubt, were spiritually fruitful. He records six

dates in the next few years when he read over the whole of this correspondence.

I give dates of letters, with short extracts, and without comments :—

June 20.—The bishop writes (at Tientsin) that they are at war there with Imperial troops. Shells burst round them, and they were advised to go into the cellars of the Gordon Hall, and that Mrs. Scott was with him. On June 24, Captain Jellicoe (Mrs. Scott's cousin) was wounded in the lung, and of course Mrs. Scott was nursing the wounded. On July 7 she was on her way to Wei-hai-wei.

From Scott's letters to his wife :—

"*July* 7, TAKU.—Chefoo is not a safe place : the ladies are being sent away.

"Patience of Hope," the St. Faith's motto, has been haunting me to-day. How I wish I could send in a man with the motto inside his shoe lining to Sister Jessie (Ransome).

"*July* 8, TIENTSIN.—I came off this morning in a tug with Keyes to run it (now Sir Roger Keyes), and a lighter behind it, which made us take eleven hours getting up. It was wearisome, and only diversified by a junior marine being swept off the top of the cabin into the river by an unruly hawser, and being followed like lightning by Keyes, who only got off his cap and jacket, and took a magnificent header from the bridge. It was lucky he did it, for the poor fellow had been hit and flurried by his fall, and

might easily have been drowned. The quickness and readiness of Keyes filled me with delight. Jack Jellicoe (now Lord Jellicoe) met us on the Bund. ' And Jacob was left alone '—that keeps coming to me as I think of having left you all on the other side of the ford Jabbok.

" *July* 10, TIENTSIN.—The shelling here yesterday was frightful. *Centurion* was hit again and again : one man killed, two wounded. We were told that the big guns brought up yesterday would fire lyddite at that abominable fort. There were twelve guns playing on the settlement. Happily they were mostly from one direction.

" *July* 12, TIENTSIN.—This is one of those terrible days when it wants to rain and thunder, and cannot ; flies crawl over one's steaming hands, and one's clothes are saturated.

" *July* 13.—We were woke at 4.15 by our guns attacking the city (Tientsin). About 6.45 a tremendous explosion, much fuss and alarm ; no harm done. I ponder what may be going on in the Chinese city here, and pray God to hasten the end. It is all so wonderful that only thus can all the prayers and labours for China find a fulfilment. It is such a help to me to think how you pray for me in this hard bit of my missionary life.

" *July* 14.—This morning a great load is lifted off us ; though, alas ! I have to bury two English officers and four or five men. The

THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ST. SAVIOUR, PEKING.

attack on the city was made successfully, though with heavy losses, and now there is a great feeling of relief. The Americans have suffered heavily. The whole day we were pounding that city . . . the streets are full of dead, but I have not heard that there has been any massacre. Now it is Peking ! . . . I mean to go on hoping about Peking, but it is depressing to hear the same remark : ' not a ghost of a chance for them.' I do not believe it myself. (He constantly mentions celebrations of Holy Communion, and services on Sundays—six services.)

"*July* 15.—There are any number of thousands of dead Chinese lying in the narrow streets of that doomed city (Tientsin). How can we escape pestilence ? . . . . are killing women and children. The Japanese scrupulously following English and Americans in avoiding brutalities. Your dear loving letters do me much good. It helps me to think that if all else fails, I have at least made one dear woman ' happy in her lot.'

" *July* 17.—All the Christians have come back here, and we have daily Matins and Evensong. I have just begun an ' Augean ' work—the cleaning of the school-house. . . . The Japanese seem to have behaved simply splendidly in all matters they have taken in hand. In their quarter of the city no looting and no shooting. It is most remarkable how they seem to have risen in one bound to the highest level of modern warfare.

"*July* 18.—I wish I could get a little certainty about the advance on Peking. I might get down (to Wei-hai-wei) for ten days and come back, but I don't like to leave with no data.

"*July* 19.—I am getting the school-house into decent order in case our dear people should some day turn up from Peking.

"*July* 21.—A bad night for heat last night, and I had strange waking dreams of St. Hilary's and every scene of our life in the Peking compound. Yet what trivial loss of mere toys when one thinks of those dear ones in Peking.

"*July* 23.—We have had two letters from Sir Claude on two following days. The first, written July 4, had expected the attack of the troops, and if not more severely attacked could just hold out ten days: this only reached Tientsin on the 21st. . . . Then the next, dated the 9th, had repulsed the troops again, but four civilians killed, and 30 more casualties among the Guard. . . . Our troops are already fifteen miles from here. No outward signs of a general advance. . . . it is purposely being kept very dark. . . . I think I ought to be here, and I thank God for giving me sufficient strength to do it.

"*July* 24.—The breathless interest intensifies daily now. How people must be praying for us that we can bear it at all! . . . Think of Peking in mid-July. . . . and yet we cannot start. If our dear people are murdered just a day or two before our troops get up, 'Gordon' will be

nothing to it. . . . Some speak as if vengeance wreaked on Peking would make it quite all right: but who wants vengeance? . . . I am not giving up hope. I know about 'God's opportunity,' but it seems more and more clear that 'man's extremity' has come.

July 25.—(He worries over what had best be done for his wife . . .—Not Tientsin; perhaps Corea, or Yokohama, or Tokyo.)

"*July* 29.—They talk of starting every day now, but they don't start. . . . I am quite hopeful that they are alive now in Peking, but there seem to be so many unknowns.

"*July* 31.—The expedition is timed to start to-morrow.

"*August* 1.—I go to Taku to take a room for you, and then you are to come up the first opportunity. Advance postponed. More frequent messages from Peking, mostly good: . . . It is rumoured that on 28 July an Edict forbade food to be taken to the legations. . . . Here I have no doubt the conflict of nationalities makes the position very trying indeed. Oh! may God not punish us for our 'unhappy divisions' by sacrificing those precious lives. . . Perhaps this will reach you on our wedding day. May God accept the sacrifice of our separation, which after all seems a little more in keeping with the desperate condition of our dear fellow workers.

"*August* 4.—At length I have seen the expedition start for Peking. What an interesting sight

in itself ; and tenfold more when one thought what it meant to us, to our dear ones, to China, to the whole world. . . . The Bengal Lancers were delightful to behold. . . . A war correspondent said to me : ' One of your palaces has been destroyed.'

"*August* 6.—Great victory yesterday. Chinese flying before the Allies.

"*August* 7.—I feel very bad to-day, not ill physically, but as if I could wait and bear very little more. . . . God have mercy upon us and put an ending to this dreadful suspense when and how it pleases him. . . . I want you sadly and always ; but I do, for all that, feel a little thankful that, while the Mission is passing through the valley of the shadow of death, you and I have to give up that which we value most in life—the support and comfort of each other's society. . . . I feel, as we have so often said of late, that we have had a most blessed and happy time these last few years, and have, as it were, earned a period of unrest and sorrow and distress. This latter may or may not be intended to prepare us for the end either of Peking or of China, or of life. Anyway we must thank our Father that he does not let us go sauntering always on the smooth paths, which nevertheless we have tried to enjoy in him.

"*August* 9.—It is said the Force will be there on the 12th (Sunday). What will it find ?

"*August* 10.—I suppose thirty-six or forty-eight hours more may see the forces up at

Peking. I do not think I could bear it if I were there. I sent up to Norris a rather full account of all that had happened to the rest of us. I enclosed later a line by Thompson to the dear women and to Allen.

"*August* 13.—They were at Tungchow last night, but the fearful weather and the rain has knocked up the troops. . . . The Consul sent a message last night as to our capacity for receiving refugees from Peking. . . . We can fill the school-house with women if necessary.

It seems useless to talk about 'afterwards.' We can frame little idea of who survive, who will be wrecked temporarily or permanently, what is left in Peking and what will be the condition of foreigners there.

I think of that army at Tungchow looking for Peking, unable to see it till they run up against it. . . . Inside, it has held these ghastly horrors for two months. Shall we ever see it again? Do we want to? God knows. . . . My mind is too full to express itself. I am glad I am here—not further away. . . . You see, I want to pour out myself a bit. I do not know that anyone here now has quite such a stake in it as we have, i.e. of such a personal nature.

"*August* 15.—Once more it is the day they ought to reach Peking. . . . As you say, 'God is nearest' to them, as to you and me. I feel as if I could hardly bear the news, whatever it is. . . . Words fail me. I feel as if I could scarcely pray any more. Thank God for the continued solemn offerings and prayers at home.

August 16.—(This letter and five others on subsequent days never reached Mrs. Scott. She had started for Tientsin.)

Good News.

"*August* 17.—'When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, then were we like unto them that dream.' These words run through me with the refrain: 'Peking relieved.' Glory be to God for his faithfulness and mercy, for keeping us strong in hope and for not letting us be 'disappointed of our hope.' We know nothing but the fact, but at any rate, we may feel secure that the dreaded massacre has been averted.

"*August* 20.—I am wiring home to Mackwood Stevens: 'Peking all five well. Inform Society.'

The rest is a matter of history.

August 17.—Mrs. Scott wrote to the Bishop: "The 'patience of hope' is still the word . . . we can only wait and speculate, and above all pray. . . . I have been so wonderfully guided through difficulties; but, oh! that it might be his will to bring us together again. The text that runs in my head is: 'Bind the sacrifice with cords.'"

The same day the news of the relief reached her, and she started for Tientsin.

The Next Fortnight.

The bishop gives the account in a printed paper which I have utilised. Mrs. Scott came prepared to nurse and care for the refugees, but

it was she who had to be nursed. The day after the arrival from Peking of the Rev. Roland Allen and the two deaconesses she was ill, and on September 1 she was sent to Nagasaki with Sister Edith: the bishop, Roland Allen and Jessie Ransome accompanying them. On Sept. 7, Mrs. Scott passed away. The next day they laid her in the beautiful cemetery in the evening, under a full moon. Captain Jellicoe was there, after having been nursed by Mrs. Scott, at Wei-hai-wei.

I have found the following in the bishop's handwriting, signed G.W. It is headed "New Year." In a sense a " year " of the bishop's life had now ended. The opening year of a new century pointed forwards. Forward, indeed, he went, more fitted than ever for the " office of a bishop in the Church of God."

Love has touched the vanished years
With transfiguration's glow :
Through a rainbow mist of tears,
Shine the dreams of long ago :
Dreams fulfilled or unfulfilled—
As God willed.

All the bygone journey lies
As a mystic map outspread ;
But the crowning, sweet surprise,
Waits a little way ahead :
Till the hands that cannot fail—
Lift the veil.

In November, on reaching home, he wrote : " As you predict, God is answering abundantly

the many earnest prayers for me. I am, and have been, for the most part, not only calm, but very happy. The memory of the past is too sweet, too beautiful to be let go ; the prospect of the future too bright to ignore, because of the temporary interruption which death brings. Still, you know the old lines :

> ' His inner day can never die,
> His night of loss is always there.'

In her first present to me (*In Memoriam*), she marked Canto LXV, and now I can give it back with even more meaning than when we were both ' in the body.' "

THREE LETTERS FROM BISHOP WILKINSON.

I give extracts only. They all begin—" My dearest Charlie."

" *August* 24, 1900.—Now, at last, the certain announcement has come that dear Norris and all of them are not only alive, but well. I was holding an intercession service in the Cathedral yesterday. No words can express what it is to us to know they were spared.

(Referring to the murdered missionaries.)

How little we expected that all this was to be the outcome of the first day of intercession, that our Mission was to give these three young lives. . . . Who can tell what may be the issue to the Chinese of all through which you are passing ; how many children of God may be won from the land which has thus been watered with the martyrs' blood.

"*September* 19.—Almost the last words dear Norris spoke to me (when on furlough) were to tell me what a help and comfort dear Frances was to them all. . . . But my mind goes out to you. . . I have gone through it all.

"*October* 14.—It is an awfully solemn time, dear Charlie, but it has not come in anger, but in love: new power, new life, comfort which the world cannot give shall be yours after awhile. I cannot explain it, but by degrees one begins to realise what it is to have a pure and spotless spirit, part of oneself and yet within the veil. One almost seems to hear him saying to her: 'Ask what thou wilt for thy husband, for the Mission, and it shall be given, that thy joy may be full.' . . . You know this is a real home to you and you will come when you are able, and I will go anywhere to see you."

CHAPTER VII.

After the Storm.

Life from 1901 to 1913.

The bishop returned to England from Nagasaki, accompanied by the Rev. Roland Allen, Deaconess Jessie Ransome, and Miss Grimwade, arriving on November 3, 1900. He made his home with his eldest brother in Wanstead, finding it necessary, however, to do no public work for a month or two, except attendance at committees of his Association.

(The following breathes peace.)

"*December* 16, 1900, York.—The Minster is a great joy to me : I heard special Advent music on Friday, from *The Last Judgment* ; a most exquisite passage unknown to me (the Saints before the throne, with Amen, and Psalms—and the wiping away the tears,—and their song of ' Hail, Redeemer '). It was quite overwhelming, and to think that not only my dearest one, and those martyred priests, but some of the rough ' troublesome ' Chinese Christians were understanding what it all really meant, while we only saw and heard, and sang ' through a glass, darkly.' Oh ! how darkly. Sometimes I wonder if those just gone from us do know much more than they knew here, or whether the increase of knowledge comes very gradually, as here. Vain surmisings ! "

Backsliding Christian Chinese.

The bishop dealt fully with this question in England, and all will agree that he mingled mercy with justice. In March, 1901, he wrote for his magazine : " I am not fully informed as to how far pledges to recant were exacted from the Christians of our own Communion. One of the Protestant missionaries in Shantung relates how, when the demand was made by the magistrates that all the Chinese Christians should renounce their connexion with Christianity, the pastors went to the Yamen and offered their lives as substitutes for those of the whole flock. They were told that their lives were forfeit already, and that they could not therefore atone for others ; they were required to sign a paper promising (1) to read no foreign books, (2) never to enter a church or have intercourse with foreigners, (3) cease to persuade people to become Christians. On the pastors signing this paper the whole of their people would be held to have recanted. It was stated that this was a temporary expedient, to be repudiated when happier days came. Under these circumstances the men signed."

But Yuan Shih kai, the distinguished Governor of Shantung, issued an Edict repudiating the action of the magistrates, as follows :—

" Their orders were not on my instructions . . . all pledges to recant . . . or promises of whatever kind to the same effect are null and void. . . . You have been preaching in China

many years, and without exception exhort men concerning righteousness: your Church customs are strict and correct, and all your converts observe them. . . . I propose hereafter to have lasting peace. With wishes for your happiness. . . . ."

At the Annual Meeting of the North China Mission Association, in June, 1901, the bishop handled important subjects.

According to reports received he said that a very large number of Christians had been put to death, and that others had lost all they had rather than recant; and continued: "So far as my own experience goes we have not found many of these latter, if any, among those Christians whom we have brought into the Church. This is a very sad thing to have to say, but I prefer to say it, and to say it here, because it is right that things should be known as they are. . . . I take it that the form in which the temptation was presented to many of the Chinese Christians was this: 'You have only got to sign your name or to burn incense; we know perfectly well you believe in Christ just the same as you did; a week hence, or a month hence, when the trouble is over you will again be able to worship him as before.' Thus the tempter comes.... Would you feel that all your work with these people had been in vain; that these are no Christians? No, I would say; no more than I should feel that your Christianity is vain if you have failed on one or two occasions to stand up and speak for Christ, even when you have not had hanging

over you the prospect of instant death. . . . We know how our Lord received back St. Peter, and we know that was a part of his training for a splendid and glorious future for the Church of Christ."

Compensation for Damage and Loss.

An important question called for an answer, and without delay : namely, were any claims for compensation to be made on the Chinese Government for losses recently sustained ? In this matter the S.P.G. and Bishop Scott cordially concurred in resolving that the North China diocese should neither claim nor accept any compensation. The bishop had, indeed, instructed Mr. Norris to prepare a statement of losses, this being needful for those at home who would have to appeal for funds. But no request was made to the Chinese authorities. In order, however, to make the situation quite clear, it must be stated that claims were made for Tientsin and for Yung-ching—not by the Mission, but by the British Military Expedition. In the case of Tientsin a claim was made on behalf of the British Community ; consequently the Mission in Tientsin received some aid. The case of Yung-ching was more complicated. The British military authorities had, on their own initiative claimed £6000 from the town and district, " in compensation for the murder of Messrs. Norman and Robinson," and *without the knowledge of the Mission*. Apparently, in the opinion of the Legation, it was impossible to

withdraw, once the claim had been made ; but every effort was now made by Mr. Norris to ensure that the money should be spent as far as possible in Yung-ching for the relief of the Chinese Christians. The details are given in full in *The Land of Sinim* for July, 1901, and need hardly be put down fully here. It is sufficient to state that a small sum was spent on the Mission compound, and also to restore the value of the property of the murdered missionaries ; the rest was devoted to Chinese widows and orphans, to schools, to compensation for destroyed Chinese houses and such other objects. The British Minister highly approved of the action taken by the Mission in not claiming any sum whatever for the total destruction of Mission property in Peking, or for the loss of the personal property of missionaries in that capital : Sir Claude Macdonald, indeed, sent a handsome donation to the Mission funds in recognition of the course taken.

The Annual Meeting of the North China Association in that year was also marked by some other important announcements. Lord Colville, after serving as President since 1874, retired in favour of the Bishop of S. Andrew's (Dr. Wilkinson).

At the same meeting it was also announced that an anonymous donor had provided funds for the income of a new missionary bishop in Shantung, and that it was proposed to create that district into a new missionary diocese. To-day we know that the capital sum for the

episcopal stipend of the new bishop, handed to the Colonial Bishoprics' fund, and amounting in the end to £10,000, was provided by Bishop Corfe. To this was added a certain sum from the North China Endowment by Bishop Scott.

The Archbishop of Canterbury now offered to consecrate the Rev. F. L. Norris as the first bishop in Shantung, but Mr. Norris felt compelled to refuse the offer after much consideration.

Again, consequent upon the relief thus given to North China on one side, Bishop Scott accepted on the other side, jurisdiction over Anglicans in Manchuria, thus in turn, relieving Bishop Corfe in Corea of a very heavy responsibility.

That memorable Annual Meeting did not close without a very warm recognition of the labours of the Rev. Mackwood Stevens, as Secretary, throughout the troubled times.

The time had now come for Scott to return to his charge. Ere he starts, let us look back on that year at home. Mrs. Cockin, his sister, says of the bishop : " When he came home in 1900 after all his sorrows, I cannot describe to you the beautiful patience and cheerfulness with which he lived among us all, not allowing his personal sorrow to spoil the pleasure of all the young people with whom he was thrown."

We can well believe it. Patience was doing its perfect work, and he would return—almost like Nehemiah in this matter—to rebuild the sanctuaries. A mellowed, a deeper character,

returned in the autumn of 1901 to China, followed by all the workers who had come home for their furlough.

And here I may add, that the English bishops, with the help of the Rev. John Storrs, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, subscribed together to present the bishop with a fresh library in place of what he had lost. Nearly £100 were thus spent and the books were chosen by the Bishop of Gloucester (Dr. Gibson).

A general appeal was also made for books for all the missionaries who had suffered similar losses—and with good success.

Advance.

Perhaps I can best show the advance now made by first stating some of the chief events of the next twelve years.

1902—Jan. 1, *Conference* in Peking to survey the field.

New quarters chosen in Peking.

All Saints', Tientsin, consecrated in July ; the work of A. C. Moule and G. D. Iliff.

1903—*G. D. Iliff consecrated* first Bishop of Shantung on SS. Simon & Jude's Day.

1904—*The Chapel of St. Faith* added to All Saints', Tientsin, Jan. 15 : a memorial to the late Mrs. Scott, consecrated by Bishop Scott.

St. Faith's Girls' School opened on the new Mission premises in Peking, May 17.

Bishop Corfe resigned his See of Corea on St. James' Day.

1905—*Three Chinese deacons* ordained.

Three " standard bearers " passed to their rest : Deaconess Jessie Ransome, Oct. 2 ; Professor Montagu Burrows ; Mr. Hudson Taylor, founder of the China Inland Mission. (No apology is needed for mentioning the last-named.)

The first Diocesan Synod, in November.

The Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Episcopate of Bishop Scott, celebrated by the determination to build a *Cathedral* in Peking, with the bishop as architect and clerk of the works ; a chapel at the east end to be in memory of Deaconess Jessie Ransome ; the whole to be a symbol of the spirit of hope for the work of God.

1906—*St. Peter's Theological College*, for Chinese Students, opened at Chefoo, under the Rev. F. Jones.

Ping-yin Church (St. Stephen's), consecrated ; the work of the Rev. Henry Mathews.

The Church Anti-opium movement inaugurated by the five European Chinese bishops in China.

Canon John Scott passed away at Wanstead, August. 28.

Bishop Corfe arrived in Peking to act for a time as chaplain of the British Legation.

1907—*First Conference of Clergy and Laity* held in Peking, May.

First Conference of the Anglican Communion, held in Shanghai in April.

Bishop Wilkinson, Bishop of St. Andrews, and Primus, passed to his rest, Dec. 11.

The Bishop of Gloucester (Dr. Gibson) became President of the North China and Shantung Mission Association.

Consecration of the Cathedral of our Saviour, Peking.

1908—The Bishop was at home for the Lambeth Conference and the Pan-Anglican Congress.

1909—Meeting in Shanghai to prepare for the General Synod of the Chinese Church, the meeting to be in 1912.

1909.—*Honan* cut off from the North China diocese, and made a separate diocese supported by the *Church in Canada*.

The old Mission site in Peking cleared, and a boys' school for higher education begun to be built,—made possible by the gift from the Pan-Anglican thank-offering.

Bishop Corfe acting-chaplain at Newchuang.

1910.—A church at Moukden opened.

1911.—Outbreak of pneumonic plague in North China, Manchuria and Mongolia.

The Revolution in China ; Republic set up October 10.

1912.—The Rev. Frederick Day killed at Chichou by mutinous soldiers on March 4, the Rev. F. S. Hughes escaping as by a miracle. Formal Constitution of the *Chung-Hua-Sheng-Kung-Hui* (China - Holy - Catholic - Church).

Bishop Scott the first President.

1913.—*Resignation of Bishop Scott* on SS. Simon and Jude's Day, the day also of his Consecration.

The Rev. F. L. Norris his successor.

The Emperor of China and the Empress Dowager returned to Peking, making their entrance on January 6, 1902 : a sight never to be forgotten by the foreign community. Nothing like it was possible in any other part of the world. And the event settled an important point for the Mission. Its centre would now remain in the Capital city.

(Comment on some of the events mentioned above.)

The Conference on January 1, 1902, was epoch-making for the Mission. The bishop and his whole staff faced the future, and emphasised one leading conviction, namely : every effort must be made to establish a Chinese Ministry and to encourage the Chinese Christians to take fullest responsibility for the creation in time of their own Chinese Church. No need therefore

for many more foreign clergy ; the greatest need a Chinese Ministry. Only a few well qualified men from England were needed for training the Chinese. All money supplied by Chinese Christians to be kept separate from foreign contributions, and for the present no Chinese schools to be built with foreign money, or Chinese workers paid except by Chinese contributions.

These details will give a general idea of the policy now deliberately formulated.

Also, " in lawsuits arising from purely civil causes, the missionary (foreign) shall abstain—both directly and indirectly—from interference on behalf of Chinese Christians or others, and that this policy be made plain to the Chinese Christians and enquirers."

All Saints', Tientsin.—A beautiful church, and in 1910 I was glad to be able to worship in it—(the nave not completed). The greatest credit is due to the Revs. A. C. Moule and G. D. Iliff. I felt the same thrill of joy when I knelt in St. Stephen's, Ping-yin, the fine creation of Rev. H. Mathews. At the same time it is difficult to believe that the hand of the bishop cannot also be traced as helping behind the scenes.

The Ordination of three deacons in 1905 (the previous ordination of a deacon had taken place seventeen years before) was also the occasion for a letter to his clergy by the bishop, from which I quote what seems of permanent importance. He first thanked them for all suggestions, then

spoke of *Externals in Worship :* how to keep the balance true ; it was right to have a standard of worship, not to consider that "anything will do"; at the same time to secure that the Chinese brethren should not consider united worship impossible without certain accessories, and not to place the provision of such accessories above the infinitely more important duty of supporting the ministry and propagating the Faith. Further, that all churches for Chinese Christians must be in part built by Chinese contributions. Again, in cases of discipline, the opinion of the Christian community to be obtained in order that all such sentences might receive the moral support of the Church.

Another point of utmost importance. I give it in the bishop's own words :—

" *Relations with Officials*."—" I must content myself with earnestly asking you to keep in mind the spirit of the recommendations, and I would specially emphasise these points : (1) should you in any case feel it essential to communicate with a magistrate on a case of persecution, you should do so, not as exercising a right in which you can demand to be backed up, but as one gentleman dealing privately with another, in the hope of settling satisfactorily a matter which might otherwise breed trouble. (2) Before any such step, take all pains to find out, from a third party if possible, the facts of the case and the antecedents. (3) If the magistrate obviously does not intend to ' meet ' you in the matter, it is

not desirable to persist with a view of forcing him to do so.

" The priest must be ever on his guard . . . lest while nominally only the chairman and mouthpiece of the councils, he continues in fact to be dictator. . . . He must be prepared to stand aside. . . ."

As has been already mentioned, the first Diocesan Synod was held in 1905. Under that head, and by the help of Bishop Norris, I set down Scott's chief contribution to the *Chinese Prayer-Book*.

Bishop Norris tells us in *The East and The West*, for April, 1927, that even in 1923 there were eight versions of the Chinese Prayer-Book in eleven dioceses. Bishop Scott brought out a revised edition of a version by Bishop Burdon in " Mandarin " in 1889. (The whole of this edition perished in the Mission compound in 1900.) In 1910, by immense labour, he produced, really single-handed, a revised book. Much later in time, after his retirement, he prepared the English form of Prayer for the State, afterwards put into Chinese by a Chinese scholar. The following is a translation of the Chinese back into English.

" Almighty God, Source of all power and might, Lord of every nation under heaven, look down upon the rulers and people of our country. Give to our rulers wisdom, righteousness and integrity: give to our people self-control, obedience, sincerity and every virtue, that they may pursue their callings with all diligence, in

all contentment and peace. Grant that thus our rulers and people may so severally do their duty as in thy sight, that righteousness and peace may be established among us, and true religion and virtue be spread abroad throughout the world, for Jesus Christ's sake.—Amen."

For the book of 1910 (prepared by Bishop Scott), Archdeacon Armine King sent a contribution to the Prayer " for the Church." His is so revered a memory in Tokyo, and far beyond, that I hope I may append the few special sentences that are his in the Chinese Prayer book : " We beseech thee for the peace of the whole world ; for all kings, princes, and governors, and especially thy servant our emperor " . . . (after " especially to this congregation here present "), " and those who are absent for any just cause " . . . (after " sickness or any other adversity ") . . .

" Bring to repentance, O Lord, those who have erred and gone astray ; lead forward the catechumens ; convert them that are in darkness and error. Remember, O Lord, all that travel by sea or by land—sail with them that sail, journey with them that journey, giving them the fulfilment of their just desires. Further, we pray thee, O Lord, to bless the fruits and crops of the earth, that receiving the abundance of thy good things we may continually praise thee who givest food to all flesh. And we give thee thanks, O Lord, for thy manifold mercies vouchsafed to us and to thy whole Church. Amen."

I revert once more to this problem. The bishop writes in 1902, from Yung-ching: "It was deeply touching to have the Christians in, one by one, to tell me the history of their own bitter trials, their temptations, their weakness and their fall, or their escape from falling. This was preparatory to their Christmas Communion, at which we welcomed back those who had been cut off for more than a year from Communion and were anxiously desirous to 'keep the feast.' One of the oldest and most responsible men, one who had most reason to feel ashamed of his want of steadfastness, told me how he had been led on, and how he had deceived himself by the argument that so long as they did not bid him to renounce 'the Lord Jesus,' he might renounce 'the Church,' and promise to forsake it. After a long talk and prayer with him . . . as we knelt together, after a pause, I rose and stood waiting for him. He did not move, and after some length of time, he burst into tears and said: 'Pray, bishop, give me your blessing.' I felt no inclination to withhold it then."

The Church of our Saviour, Peking.—SS. Simon and Jude's day has surely been linked with the North China Mission in an unique manner. On that day, in different years, four bishops of Chinese dioceses have been consecrated. The Church of our Saviour, and the Ch'ung-te school chapel were consecrated, and Bishop Scott both began and ended his

official episcopate on it. In 1905 the clergy of the North China diocese presented an address to their father-in-God, his twenty-fifth anniversary of consecration.

I quote a few lines : " Whether our time of service has been long or short, we are of one mind in wishing to record our gratitude for the fatherly love, the tender consideration, and the unfailing courtesy which your lordship has ever shown towards your clergy."

The cathedral was to be built to commemorate this episcopate, and also to be an earnest of future effort. Therefore it was to be large, holding perhaps 600, and there was to be a side-chapel for 150 ; also an immersion font—and Bishop Scott was to be its creator and builder, the foreman, the clerk of the works, everything, assisted however, by the Rev. Walter Canner.

It is also generally considered that this church was his best architectural achievement. I will anticipate and quote from two letters of his when the church was completed. " The new church will interest you much when we can get some good pictures. It rather astonishes me ! I wonder where it came from ! Plenty of faults, no doubt, many of which I see too well, but it has *character*, and is not the same as all other churches. It is more to look at than the first sketch made from rough plans would lead one to think." And later : " I am once more running about the country, having finished my church building, the most interesting bit of work of the kind I have ever had to do."

Later again in time, the nine small windows in the apse were filled with stained glass, in memory of three beloved benefactors, and indeed, founders—Bishop Wilkinson, Canon John Scott and Mr. Dudley Smith.

It is indeed amazing to know that the whole cost amounted to no more than £1,533, a proof of how cheap Chinese labour was in those days. At present rates in England the church would have cost more than £10,000. The various fittings for chancel and sanctuary were individual offerings. The chapel behind the altar screen is the "Ransome Memorial Chapel." The whole length of the church is 135 feet.

Reunion.—In 1905 the bishop addressed his staff on the question. "We have to decide whether it is not necessary for us to meet more than we have done with Christian men of various denominations, in order to convince them that we, as Anglican churchmen, care at least as much about the unity of Christ's people as any of them can do, and have held all along that a unity, to be final, must not be accelerated by the easy process of excluding the whole of the ancient historic churches of Christendom. Patience—immense patience—is needed to heal the breaches of the church."

I must insert here two stories, which used to give Scott intense amusement. An English merchant and his wife were travellers and arrived in Peking. The wife, in course of conversation, enquired sympathetically of the bishop's

niece: "Do the Dissenters do much harm?" This, to one who knew the splendid work and fine buildings of the American and English Non-conformist Missions all round the very insignificant Anglican Mission, struck him as a most humorous question.

The other story is Brereton's. Some traveller asked him at the legation chapel: "Does not the Emperor come to service here? No? What! Is he not a churchman?"

Bishop Wilkinson.—The following letter was written to Bishop Scott by his best of friends, and received just before his death on December 11, 1907.

October 22, 1907.—"My dearest Charlie, . . . I have put down the names (3) on my intercession list, and have written to Mackwood Stevens to tell him that if I can be of any use to them I hoped he would tell me. . . . As regards the new Peking church, I should like an immersion font . . . and now, dearest bishop, good-bye. May the Lord bless you and keep you now and evermore.

P.S. Now that I have finished my letter I am sitting quietly, thinking of all the old days at St. Peter's. How good God has been to us amidst all the changes and chances of our lives, in spite of all our mistakes, failures and sins."

The Arrival of Members of the Bishop's Family.

1909.—For the Mission itself, the year 1909 will ever be famed for the splendid accession to the Mission Staff, and almost entirely from among his own people. It is a joy to set out their names. The following four priests with good English experience :—

Thomas Arnold Scott.—Second son of Canon John Scott (now Bishop in Shantung).

Percy Melville Scott.—Son of Canon S. G. Scott, descended from the Commentator's second son, Thomas.

Charles Wilfred Scott.—Son of Canon Cooper Scott.

Frederick Stephen Hughes.—(Whose wife was sister of Percy Scott), a fifth *Crichton McDouall*, who had had experience in New Zealand.

Last, and equal in reputation, in her own way, to all above, *Mary Scott*, eldest daughter of Canon John Scott, who went out in 1903 to join the Staff of All Saints' School, Tientsin. When the Mission was unable to keep this school open, she went in 1905 to live with the bishop in Peking, as a daughter as well as housekeeper, helping all the while in various ways as a missionary. Making a home for the bishop in the Chung-te School ; an untold blessing to him, she was at his side when he passed away suddenly in Shanghai.

It is difficult to moderate one's enthusiasm into words which the Scott family would best approve. Did any bishop ever receive from his own relatives a better contribution to his work and a better testimony to the affection he aroused ?

Extracts from Bishop Scott's Letters.

(Beginning with his journey to China, 1901.)

December 26, 1901, *Nagasaki*.—" Sister Jessie and I just went up the well-known road to the cemetery and spent a quiet half-hour of moonlight there, bringing away a few of the last blossoms of autumn from the neighbouring shrubs."

Chefoo.—" I went to the cemetery, and pondered at dear old Greenwood's grave, where a small white stone, modest as himself, has been put up in his memory."

Peking, XI. Sunday after Trinity, 1902.—" I have just been reading the ' Keble ' for the day, the last I ever read to Frances as she lay on her bed, already a little out of sorts on that Sunday, in Tientsin, when we gave thanks for Peking and Tientsin deliverances. It surprises me afresh every time I read it, to think that such an extraordinarily appropriate thing should have come to remain with me to the end. All around us still were the signs of ruin and war, and our hearts full of such thoughts as those expressed

in the text from Jeremiah at the end. A fortnight after I was saying Evensong with Allen and Sister Jessie by her grave. . . . On this Sunday, too (XI. after Trinity), she received her last Communion on earth, for she was too ill the next Sunday."

Peking, March, 1902.—" It interests me to see how untiringly yet gradually kind nature works with us all, to ease the heartstrings, from the time when the first children go to school, to the last scattering of the family over the world. It is a curious thing when you can get outside it, as it were, how absolutely essential it seems to be for our best interests and due development that somehow or other we should become ' detached,' while yet family affection is the most beautiful and sacred thing we know on earth."

Peking, October 14, 1905 (*The death of Deaconess Jessie Ransome*).—" You will be grieving with us at the unspeakable loss which has befallen us in the death of our dear Deaconess Jessie. The illness and death all so like dear Frances', as she, the deaconess, observed more than once. Mary and I and several of the others were watching with her, and we were holding her hand all through the narrow gate of death which leads to the unknown glories beyond. She was only ill (seriously) for five days, and alarmingly for one day. She had her Communion at 1 p.m. on Monday, October 2, and from then to the end we were constantly with her, going in and out, and kneeling for the last hour and a-half

by her bedside. She was conscious almost to the last breath, and during the afternoon gave many loving messages of farewell, and had many of her dear Chinese women and the domestic servants in to say good-bye. The funeral, on the 4th, was all as beautiful as could be, and the Chinese Celebration in the church before it ; and lovely October weather favoured it, and every one behaved well. Mr. Shih, one of the new deacons (her last Sunday in church was their ordination) writes : ' There was no family without tears : we have lost our dearly-loved, Venerable Mother ; we trust the bishop will not be swallowed up with grief, and that Sister Edith may be comforted. We cannot understand these things. May God have mercy upon us.' It is a great blessing to have dear Mary with me at this time. The deaconess was a very real ' sister ' to me, and as such I mourn her ; but I am feeling even more the tremendous gap her removal makes in the Mission Staff. This too, however, God understands, and it may be left to him who ' makes no mistakes.'

" It was wholly unexpected ; she had been so well and bright and brisk at St. Hilary's three or four weeks before, and was full of keen ability in preparing for the coming of the new women workers, and her dear sister, and in working at every detail of the plans about the newly acquired property of St. Faith's. But God who knows, saw that her work was really done ; and a wonderful bit of work it has been. She has died right at her post,—nothing to indicate

that she was ' worn out.' ' He giveth his beloved sleep.' "

China (*Peking*), *November* 5, 1911.—*The Revolution.*—" It is the truth in Napoleon's speech about China that makes the greatest danger. The nations of the world all have such a stake in this great country that they cannot afford to see chaos ; and at any time they or one of them, may be driven to interfere, and then the question would become a ' foreign ' one again. ' China is moving, and the world is moved.' . . . Some persons say 400,000 people have left Peking—half the population. . . . I should not be surprised to learn that from 100,000 to 200,000 have done so."

Peking, *December* 15, 1911.—" I went out to St. Hilary's for our wedding day this year and took with me all the correspondence (with her) that was left, mainly our letters between Tientsin and Wei-hai-wei in the last two months of her life. All so fresh and alive and full of interest, with so many pointed touches on her everyday experiences of people and things. But, as you say, they do not produce sadness at our age. One may sometimes feel ' the passion of the past,' very interesting in younger days, but for long years there has never been a day when one would have ' gone back,' and never a thought which would have brought any one whom one loved back to this awful world : one has to live in the future as much as possible, and for the present, live ' day by day ' until it is over. The

great difficulty is to endure it patiently and with a decent amount of courage : ' from my youth up thy terrors have I suffered with a troubled mind.' How very strongly our Lord, and the New Testament writers speak of the necessity of patience, and what severe things are said about ' the fearful.' I remember weeping bitterly as a little boy because life would be so long, and it would be so dreadfully hard to ' be good ' all that time ! And so I have found it ; but, in spite of it all, I am fain to acknowledge that ' goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.' "

After this quiet revelation of the mind that was in him, I pass to his part in the first meeting of the *Chung-Hua-Sheng-Kung-Hui*.

Ten days were spent in Shanghai : April 18 to 28, 1912. From North China there went with the bishop, the Rev. F. L. Norris, the Rev. T. Arnold Scott, two Chinese deacons and four Chinese laymen. Ten bishops attended, Bishop Lander only being absent. Some eighty delegates in all. For three years the draft constitution and canons had been before the various dioceses, and when all met, there was little difference of opinion on the main questions. Bishop Scott presided, the Rev. F. L. Norris being the Secretary.

(An appendix on page 151 by Bishop Norris and Bishop Graves gives further details.)

One word as to the name adopted. *The Spirit of Missions*, the American Church Magazine, puts it tersely and clearly : " In

choosing a name, which is as nearly as possible the Chinese equivalent of the words, ' Holy Catholic Church,' there was no desire to assume an exclusive attitude or make exclusive claims. As a matter of fact, the Conference did nothing more nor less than preserve, as it alone could, for the future united Christian Communions of China, the name of the historic Creed. The Protestant denominations, several and separated as they are, could not preserve the name, and moreover, had, in some instances, frankly intimated that they would hardly dare choose any name in which the word ' Catholic ' was included. The Roman Communion is practically prevented by its earlier history in China, from assuming or using the name."

I believe the nearest translation of the name into English is " China, Holy Catholic Church."

The Close of Bishop Scott's Diocesan Episcopate (1913).

I have tried to keep within as small a compass as possible the record of the thirty-three years' episcopate of one greatly beloved : years teeming with events of first importance in Chinese political history, and in the annals of the Church in its world progress.

But the record of the bishop's life in China is by no means ended. There follows one of its most beautiful periods. After the constitution of the General Synod, Scott considered that others, younger and more vigorous, ought

to lead. In 1904, Bishop Corfe had resigned, for reasons which were convincing to him. Now his close friend, Charles Perry Scott, for quite other reasons, begged to be released from responsibilities which began in 1874 and culminated in 1912.

Let him speak for himself.

Peking, February 26, 1913.—". . . I am thankful to say it is not in consequence of ill-health that I have felt constrained to take this step. . . . I am convinced that it will be in the true interests of the work in North China that a younger and therefore more 'adaptable' man should have the guidance of the Mission. . . . New departures are required . . . wholly new problems have to be faced. . . . The Archbishop of Canterbury with his great knowledge and experience of men and things . . . has been pleased to release me . . . on SS. Simon and Jude's Day in this year, 1913."

On Trinity Sunday the bishop ordained his first Chinese priests, Mr. Lei and Mr. Li. Both celebrated their first Communions in the Ransome Memorial Chapel ere they went to their stations. Bishop Iliff, on the same day, ordained his first two priests at Tai-an for his diocese of Shantung. What a climax it all was !

Still more so when Frank Norris, the trusted friend of Scott, was chosen to succeed him. Norris was consecrated in Canterbury Cathedral by the Archbishop, on the Festival of the Circumcision, 1914 ; Bishop Scott remaining in

Peking till the new bishop could return. The day and hour of the new bishop's consecration on January 1, were beautifully kept at Peking. Bishop Scott writes : " I took the consecration service as the basis of intercession. . . . At the close of the service I vacated the bishop's ' Seat,' and after the benediction, laid aside the diocesan staff, helping us to realise the transfer of responsibilities. . . ."

Scott started for England, by Siberia, on March 24, 1914, with his nephew, Rev. C. Wilfred Scott, and made his home at St. John's Rectory, Chester.

Scott the Traveller.

It may be permitted me, ere we come to the end of the bishop's chief activities, to give some account of his charm as a traveller. I have never known a more cheery one. I set down from my diary a few of the memories of five weeks in his company in China and Manchuria.

On September 18, 1910, Lanchester, my companion, and I arrived at Moukden at 5 a.m. Scott was on the platform and conducted us to the (suitably named) Temple of the ' Protecting Spirit,' where we were lodged with him. It was Sunday morning, and a little church was to be consecrated (30 feet by 18) built at the expense of Bishops Corfe and Scott. But I am not telling here about the deeper and spiritual side of our tour. To learn and to help was my object in coming, and never were there for me more moving moments. There is no space here

for that aspect of my journey : I speak of my dear friend just as a traveller.

After wonderful Manchurian experiences, including walks all over Port Arthur, we landed at Chefoo, and Scott began to tell stories to enliven us after a cheerless voyage from Dalny in a very small steamer. . . . Here was the place where an Englishman was displeased with his servant. " I told him, sir, to take my horse to the stable, and here he is still doing nothing." The more qualified Chinese scholar asked the servant why he had not done as he was told. " You were told, were you not ? to take the horse to the stable." " No, I was not." " What then ? " " I was told to fry his mother ! "

We came presently to a sign board pointing to a boot-maker's shop. The notice added a useful phrase to the English language : " Li—bootmaker. slantly opposite." And it was really on one of these early days that Scott kept up our spirits by " Things to remember." For example : in famine time in China, Mr. Bullock wired from S.P.G. to Dean Butcher, the secretary of Relief Funds in China : " Bullock to Butcher. Draw for the famine." Scott thought Mr. Bullock lacked humour.

Again he pointed out a spot near the Port where a placard was erected, announcing " No admittance." But it was put infinitely more picturesquely—" Here is the inhabitant : Everyone is not allowed to come in."

And the Autumn air of Chefoo ! One never seemed to feel fatigue. One day I rose at 4 a.m.

Wrote twenty foolscap sheets ; walked all the afternoon, and remained vigorous all day.

Most moving it was also to go to the cemetery and stand beside the grave of "dear Greenwood," and then where Dr. and Mrs. Nevius were laid ; then to see the Chinese house where Scott and Greenwood lived. A little baby was asleep in the room that was their chapel.

But I pass on. The day came when I was to be introduced to wheelbarrows. I had longed to enjoy what was obviously an ideal conveyance in the back blocks of China. But first we had an entrance into Tai-an-fu, which tried even the cheeriness of that best of travellers. I quote from my diary. " A Chinese road in the dark ! It was too dark to be carried any further, we must walk. Since it is not raining it is possible. Had it been raining it would have been impossible in the soil of that region. There before us glimmered the white streak of path ; one forgot at first the holes, two feet deep ; every other sort of trap was also set. One had to prod with a stick ; water courses had to be negotiated : occasionally we came to 100 yards of quagmire, and had to climb a rocky bank and balance on a ridge 10 feet high. All around were fields, stacks of grain, beautiful threshing floors—everything swept up and tidy ; but the *roads*—China does not mend her roads."

There followed in due time two days of unalloyed enjoyment. The bishop and I on the same wheelbarrow, conversing, enjoying life, doing our 30 miles the first day, towards

Ping-yin. The weather autumnal. Part of the humour consisted in the bumps we received on the roadless trail. I calculated that they amounted to 25,000 that first day—or, was it two days ? An occasional groan used to come from Scott.

Bishop Norris also records his memories of the bishop as a travelling companion. He writes: " In former days, travelling in North China was a much slower business than it is to-day, and in some ways much less comfortable. Carts, boats, barrows ; and the shortest journey from Peking a day and a-half, to Yungching ; the longest, say, just under a fortnight to Tai-an-fu. Between 1890 and 1905 I shared many a journey —short and long—with the bishop. Four things stand out in my memory as characteristic. He revelled in what he called his ' toy ' : whether it was ' Dunkley,' a huge deal packing-case, which carried his gear for a boat trip (kitchen, pantry, storeroom and furniture included), or the toy *par excellence*, for cart journeys, containing tea-pot, tea, milk, and sugar, butter and jam, knives, spoons and forks, mustard, pepper and salt, washing things and a looking-glass, and in winter always a telescopic toasting fork. All these packed into an absurdly small space, and yet room found, inside the teapot, for a jar of Liebig. It was exactly what he needed at the mid-day stop : the ' toy,' a stout little wooden box, came off the cart, and nothing else !

" Secondly, I recall the books he read—which I shared. *L'homme de neige* was a delight to us

both—the book itself not more so than the amusement of posing each other as to some French idiom ! And, perhaps most famous of all, *The White Company*. He read aloud a good deal of the more humorous parts of this on a boat journey going out ; and I re-read them in my turn on our way back—and how we both laughed ! and loved the book and any reference to it for years afterwards.

" Thirdly, there was his humour, which always ' rose to the occasion ' when things were going wrong. Just as at home, a resort to the piano and ' his one tune ' would turn many an ugly moment with its humorous side uppermost, so when travelling a joke always came to the surface when bedding was wet, inns were beastly, carters drunk or surly, boats leaking or draughty. To the end of his life he never forgot the joy of hearing one new arrival, who was struggling with the first joys of the Chinese language, shout out in his sleep as he lay by the bishop's side in a dirty inn, the three words, ' *Ding* poo hao ' (*very* beastly !). To the end of my life *I* shall never forget how often and how long he made me laugh, piling joke upon joke, when we should otherwise have been sulky and cross and travel-weary.

" And lastly, there is always the memory of his *somehow* finding time for his daily office ; and, still more vivid, of the kneeling figure on the *k'ang* (or brick-bed) in the inn, spending the last minutes in the semi-darkness while carts were being packed and harnessed, wrapt in prayer."

CHAPTER VIII

Twelve Years of Retirement in China 1914–1927—The End

Now began what surely must be almost an unique experience. With universal assent, with gladness from his successor, and without a shadow of uncertainty as to the result, Scott returned in 1915 to take up his residence in Peking, the centre of his old diocese. He found his niece, Mary, established with her brother at Ch'ung Te School, on the site of his own old home, and joined them there, and continued to live there after T. A. Scott had gone to Shantung, until he left Peking in January, 1927, going to England once in this period for the consecration of T. A. Scott, in 1921.

There never was a moment's uneasiness over the presence of a predecessor in the diocese of his successor. It remains surely a beautiful example, to be fully emphasised, of the way in which predecessors ought to stand absolutely aside when they retire,—that is, in their relation to all things for which they used to be responsible. It is a lesson which needs to be learnt by many men even to-day.

To be at hand, to do anything when requested to help, but to cease to lead or embarrass those who lead. To " live the life " deeper and more beautifully, but to feel that the control of all

things is in other hands, that is what Scott has taught us exquisitely. In a true sense, the last twelve years of his life are as beautiful and helpful to us as the nearly forty years of his greater activities as a leader and pioneer. It seems to me that in his letters there is now a growing mellowness and peacefulness—the fruit of a man ever growing in grace.

The Scott Memorial Chapel.—Ch'ung Te School, Peking, May 29, 1916. He writes :—

" I am just facing what I expect will be my last bit of building work, viz., the erection of a school chapel on these premises. Arnold, of course, will help me much. It is rather interesting that the money has been subscribed in memory of my thirty-three years episcopate, by ' foreign ' friends in and connected with China : Legation, Consular, Customs—and others who have known me in Peking and in China generally ; so that the chapel will be the ' Bishop Scott Memorial Chapel.' It is rather nice that I have to build it, and on the spot where twenty years of my life, including the whole of my married life, were passed."

(The subscriptions came to about £400.)

" Incidentally it is building my own sepulchre, for as soon as it is finished, the big room underneath me ceases to be the chapel, and will become part of this house, which will then probably become the house of another English school-master. Then I shall go—where ? It does not trouble me much to find an answer.

There is enough to remind us, without that, 'here we have no continuing city.' . . ."

May 6, 1926.—"I have panelled this beautiful little chapel, using the £50 which the bishops at home gave me on my Jubilee, and a little more besides. It is a wonderful improvement and finish."

It may be stated at once that the school was his home to the end.

On SS. Simon and Jude's Day, 1916, the Chapel was consecrated by Bishop Norris. At the service, Bishop Norris spoke as follows :— "It is but fitting before we proceed further with the service that I should address a few words to you who are present with us to-day to represent the donors of this building. We thank you for your presence. We thank you and all those whom you represent for your generous gifts ; but, above all, we thank God who put it into your hearts thus to honour him from whom all good things do come, while you honour his servant, my revered predecessor in this episcopal office. . . . It has been designed by him whose friendship it commemorates : every brick in it has been laid under his watchful eye. Here within a stone's throw of this very spot, where some of you knew him years ago, amid, as it were, so many tender memories of the happy home to which he brought his bride in 1889. And yet amid tragic memories also of the seeming disaster which fell upon that home in 1900, razing to the very ground the church in which he

worshipped for many years ; here, surely, it is fitting that your gift has taken shape and form and substance, to enshrine the sweetness of those tender memories, to mark the passing of that seeming tragedy before the new triumphs of the Cross, the larger victories of the Faith . . ."

Another has said that the inscription on a stone on the little grey brick school chapel is the best appreciation of his life and work. He himself chose the object, namely, the chapel in the boys' school. The site was his home up to the Boxer rising. Rooms in the compound were his home to the end. The inscription is by Bishop Norris.

(Inscription on the north wall of the chapel.)

To the Glory of God

A.D. 1916

In grateful remembrance of friendships formed with

Charles Perry Scott

S.P.G. Missionary at Chefoo, 1874.

First English Bishop in Peking, 1899,

Who, after forty years of work, laid down the burden of his office,

15 Dec., 1913.

This Chapel

Designed by his skill and erected under his care is the gift of many who have known him in China and wish to do him honour.

(Lines on the west wall of the Chapel.)

Boy or whoe'er thou art that passest here
Stand for a space, a stone's throw westward look
Where once, for twice ten years of Kwang Hsu's reign,
He whom this building honours had his home,
Lived, loved and worshipped. Nought to-day remains
Of that fair home, that humbler house of God
Which yet his skill made beautiful. But thou
Recall the patient story of those years.
See all around thee how God gives the fruit
Of one man's sowing to another's garnering :
Ask of him grace, thy seed in turn to sow,
That others after thee may bounteous harvest reap.

The Armistice in 1918.—On Sunday, Nov. 17, 1918, Bishop Scott was asked to preach in the legation chapel at Peking.

In 1921, Bishop Scott and Mary Scott came to England, and arrived just in time to be present at the funeral of Bishop Corfe, at St. John the Divine, Kennington. In his last hours, Corfe had also with him Arnold Scott, Bishop-designate of Shantung, the scene of Charles Scott's first labours, and where Corfe had helped his friend for so long.

I do not think many who attended that funeral service had expected Bishop Scott's presence ; all the more it filled us with tenderest feelings.

I never saw my friend again. It must have been the same for most of that very representative congregation.

I continue his letters.

On Canon Cooper Scott's book, *Things that were*: "I don't know how to describe the effect of reading the book on me. It is almost sacramental, as though gentle arms were reaching out and drawing me with a soft persuasiveness right back to the happy and holy family life and circle, but with a silent persuasiveness which bodily presence and contact with those yet remaining would not avail to effect; such a loving, tender drawing to 'him that was separate from his brethren,' like a sure pledge and foretaste of those ties beyond the 'seen,' which can never be broken. It makes one feel how very sacred a thing human love is, and how essentially part and parcel of the love of God."

Arnold Scott was consecrated on St. James' Day, 1921, in Westminster Abbey by the Bishop of London, in the absence of the Archbishop of Canterbury: following Bishop Iliff, who had so well and truly laid already the foundations of the missionary diocese of Shantung.

Before leaving China, Bishop Charles Scott went with his nephew to many of the stations of the Shantung diocese. He writes on April 2, 1921: "It is a great privilege to be allowed to bring Arnold all round here, to pick up the threads of my earlier China work and develop the pattern. We read Evensong together quietly in the beautiful little church (Ping-yin), on the day of our arrival, and I was touched to find that the first lesson was Joshua i., Moses 'handing over' to Joshua, with God's charge to be

strong and of a good courage, and the promise of continued help to him as to Moses. The second lesson was hardly less striking, II. Cor. iv.

People are welcoming A. very cordially and affectionately; and all, both English and Chinese seem greatly pleased with the appointment."

The Jubilee of the Mission, 1924.

SS. Simon and Jude's Day, 1924, found the bishop in hospital, suffering from a carbuncle. As usual with him, he said the enforced rest had given him much opportunity for quiet thought, and he had his Communion with a few friends.

The following, by Mary Scott, lights up the occasion. "Our festival has been much saddened by having no bishop at all (Bishop Norris was in England at the time), for a week ago my uncle went into hospital. He is in the wonderful Rockefeller, or Peking Union Medical College Hospital, where he is very happy and comfortable, and can be under the most skilled and constant treatment.

"I get over daily after school to sit with him, and everyone loves him there, and he gets many visitors. This morning P. M. Scott celebrated for him there. Ruth Phillimore and I went over—a lovely bicycle ride on a brisk autumn morning. The congregation included the Chinese priest of our church (Rev. Y. Y. Tsu, American trained), who is newly appointed as 'Superintendent of Religious work' in the hospital and his wife: and Dr. and Mrs. Smyly,

whose names you will know as faithful friends to us. It was lovely to have the service in a ' sun-parlor,' into which patients can easily be moved.

" A couple of days ago, Mr. Lei, the senior of the Chinese priests, ordained by Bishop Scott, came over with a little gift from the Cathedral congregation. It was the verse, ' How beautiful are the feet,' etc., written in the best Chinese style, by a well-known scholar, and mounted and framed according to Chinese ideas. He presented it with a little speech as the bishop lay in bed. We foreigners have given him presents too, a warm fur foot-rug—as he suffers dreadfully from cold feet—and two nice Peking rugs for his study floor.

" The new school gate, a very dignified and pleasing building, with gate-keepers' room at one side, and a waiting-room on the other, was ' opened ' by the bishop himself the morning he went to hospital, with the words, to the assembled boys : ' The Lord preserve thy going out and thy coming in,' etc.

" There was to have been a Chinese ' tea-talk party ' on Sunday afternoon, but it was postponed as the bishop could not be there. We had special preaching for several week-day evenings, and on Sunday, from Mr. Li-tsun-lan (priest), who used to be the printer in this compound before 1900, and who remembers much of the old days. He spoke much of the gratitude the Chinese ought to feel for the help and prayers of so many friends for so many years."

THE CONSECRATION OF THE CHAPEL, CH'UNG TE SCHOOL, PEKING, BUILT AS A MEMORIAL OF BISHOP SCOTT'S EPISCOPATE.

(Left to right—Bishop Norris, the Rev. H. J. Benham Brown, Bishop Scott, some of the junior school-boys).

On January 5, 1925.—He writes from his own house : " I am feeling well ' in myself,' and have hopes that the spring may see me better again, if indeed it be God's will that I ' recover my strength ' (literally, ' brighten up again ') before I go hence and be no more seen."

Letters.

October 18, 1925. *The Diary of an old Soul.* I am greatly appreciating this *Diary of an old Soul* (George Macdonald). It is quite remarkable, I think. I have sent for one or two copies to give to persons here who will enter into it. I do not find it very well known. (Later.) I am reading again and more closely that book. It appeals to me greatly : having read it through, I am now taking it much more slowly, and shall afterwards probably take it as a " diary," one stanza for the day.

Daniel Deronda.—I am actually reading *Daniel Deronda* again, after some forty-five years. I cannot believe that any such wholly horrible man as Grandcourt could ever have lived. Either heaven or man would have destroyed him ere he got to 35 !

The Easter Collect. Easter Eve, 1925.—I suppose you have sometimes felt, like many others, something resembling a slight shock of disappointment over the *petition half* of the Easter Day Collect. Theologically and religiously, it is of course wholly sound and

wholesome, nor is the thought obscure. But rhetorically, isn't it a " come-down " from the very glorious opening of the Collect ? Some few weeks ago it struck me what a perfect combination for Easter Day would be the first-half of the Easter Day collect and the latter-half of the Easter Eve collect. The glory and speciality of the opening is then balanced by the maintaining of a similar figure in the close.

> " Almighty God who through thy only begotten Son Jesus Christ hast overcome death, and opened unto us the gate of everlasting life, we humbly beseech thee, that, through the grave and gate of death, we may pass to our joyful resurrection, for his merits who died and was buried and rose again for us, thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord."

And what is to be done for the mutilated Easter Eve collect ? That is not so obvious, but I should be content with something like this : "Grant O Lord, . . . buried with him, and with him rise again unto newness of life, who with thee and the Holy Ghost ever liveth, One God, world without end."

Hawker of Morwenstow. May 6, 1925.—Do you know those lines of Hawker ? They are great favourites of mine :—

> " Sing from the chamber to the grave ;
> Thus did the dead man say :
> A sound of melody I crave
> Upon my burial day.

Sing from the threshold to the porch
Until you hear the bell :
And sing you loudly in the church
The Psalms I love so well.

Then bear me gently to my grave,
And as you pass along
Remember 'twas my wish to have
A pleasant funeral song."

Barrie's Mary Rose. May, 1925.—I must tell you how grateful I am to you for sending me that remarkable play of Barrie's. Not having been a play-goer, I feel very ignorant of the effects which might be attained on the stage. . . As a book, I have enjoyed it immensely. I have read it twice already, and am leaving it for Mary while I go to Tai-an. It is exceedingly beautiful and deep and clever. I could not help feeling it was a very tender commentary on those well-known lines of *In Memoriam* (Canto XC) : " He tasted love with half his mind," etc. ; but that is but one feature and not the leading thought. It seemed to be a very wonderful presentation of the problem which I suppose always has gripped the minds of thoughtful people at all times and places ; which seems to be knocking so loudly at our hearts and minds in these latter days, and which naturally bulks largely in the reflections of the aged, viz. : the utter impossibility, with our present faculties, of correlating the things of time and place and sense with " the beyond." The book forces on one with great power the great fact, which it takes us all

our lives to learn, that the past is nothing, except in that it has made the present and is making the future. And that takes me on from Canto XC above, to one of my favourite stanzas of the same poem, CXVI.

" Yet less of sorrow lives in me,
For days of happy commune dead ;
Less yearning for the friendship fled
Than some strong bond which is to be."

LETTERS.

His Books.—In September, 1926, he writes that he is dispersing his library. (There were far too many books for all to be removed to Tai-an-fu, though several cases were packed and sent.) He sent some to the Central Theological School, at Nanking, others to Yenching University, near Peking. " It is interesting, and not unpleasant to me to have to prepare for the last (?) move in life, and I should like to feel that all valuable books have found a home, and have not been sold for a grudged 2d."

Letters.—He hears that *his own letters* are not destroyed. As to letters received, his plan was to keep only the last received from each loved one. But he read them many times before destroying them.

Old age and infirmities.—In 1924 he began telling of his weaknesses. " I have not been able to walk to the cathedral for three or four months now." " My legs are apt to grumble and resent being called upon to carry my body."

1925.—" I am getting to feel old, and am conscious that the checking of one malady only forces the adversary to choose another point of attack."

(During 1926 the bishop was really much better in health than in the two previous years. Everyone was remarking on this, though his powers of walking, formerly most remarkable, never returned to any great extent.)

June, 1926.—" I have been asking my doctor for his opinion as to the expediency of my taking a voyage home. He writes that he thinks there is nothing in my state of health to render such a step imprudent."

In the end he determined to go to England for a visit, and he was offered a home in the old house at Sutton, where his mother had spent the last fifteen years of her life.

Full of gratitude for the offer he gave no definite acceptance, because he had determined to close his life in China. After forty-seven years in Peking, he and Mary were to return to Tai-an-fu, to Bishop Arnold Scott.

Thus he would have begun and ended his life in Shantung.

Peking, *December* 29, 1926.—" I must write while Christmas is still with us, and the old year still lingers. One wonders now each year, if there will ever be another for one in the life where ' time ' obtains."

A friend in Peking writes: "There is something

extraordinarily beautiful and restful about a mellow sunset : there has been something extraordinarily beautiful and restful about Bishop Scott's last years amongst us : and just as the lingering sun helps us to finish this or that before it sets at last, so the bishop has been helpful to the very end : and for that, as for all the help of a long life-time, we thank God and him."

January 5, 1927.—" I celebrated in the Cathedral on New Year's Day, the bishop assisting ; it is the anniversary of his Consecration Day."

Perhaps some will recall, as they read these last details, the story of St. Columba's last hours in Iona : he had received an intimation that he was to pass on, and he visited all portions of the establishment, even the faithful animals in the stalls, to say farewell.

The following explains itself.

Epiphany, 1927.

(From the aged bishop.)

It has been suggested to me that it would be acceptable to my fellow-workers if I were to write a few words in this budget (this was the collected news and subjects for special prayer about each branch of the work, circulated three or four times a year) before leaving the diocese, with which I have been so long connected.

They cannot but be words of farewell. It is possible that I may meet some of you again, that I may even visit Peking again ; but it is not very probable.

We cannot, happily for us, use the certainty which marks the Apostle's words, in his touching farewell at Miletus : " I know that ye all shall see my face no more " ; and the other solemn words, before and after these, I would not presume to cite as suitable, or appropriate, save only that one : " And now I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you the inheritance among all them that are sanctified."

That part of my duty which lies in frequently commending to God my fellow-workers, new and old, however imperfectly performed, will, I trust, be at least no less worthily discharged when I am separated from you ; and for many years past there is little but this that I have been able to do for the forwarding of your work and the welfare of yourselves.

But it is still true, thank God, however trite, that " more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of ! "

I know I shall not ask in vain for your continued prayers for myself in the years or months or days which may remain of my life on earth, and, it may be, " beyond that mark."

I must thank you all deeply, from my dear and revered successor in the honourable and arduous post of bishop of the diocese, to the latest comers to the mission, for constant and unfailing kindness, thoughtfulness and affection.

My life among you has been very happy and peaceful—" joying, and beholding your order," and watching with thankful heart the continuous

development of the work in the diocese and in the church in all directions. I rejoice to have been allowed to see it, and to trace God's hand through his various ministers and ministries from the small beginnings of long ago to the present conditions.

The future we know not—(for which God be thanked)—but we know the old word of sacred humble confidence : " He that *sent* me is with me." May each one feel at all times that it is true of himself and herself, and all that is needful will follow.

God be with you. This God is our God for ever and ever ; He shall be our guide unto death.

Yours affectionately in Christ,

CHARLES P. SCOTT,

Bishop.

January 16, 1927.—" I got to church at 8.0 and took the Celebration for the first time for many months at the Sunday service, and I suppose the last time I shall take it. . . . I got through all right and sang the service as usual."

January 23, 1927.—" We are drawing close to the end. Last Sunday I celebrated for the last time at the high altar at the Eucharist. To-day, at the request of the Cathedral Council (Chinese) I preached to them at the 8.0 a.m. Celebration, the bishop being celebrant.

" By his request, I gave the benediction, and we sang *Nunc Dimittis* as we retired. . . . .

After a few commonplace remarks in my address I took a text from the last words of the Epistle of the day : ' Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.'

" After service we adjourned to the waiting-room, where I was set in a chair (near a stove, happily), and harangued. . . . and gifted with a pair of scrolls."

Peking, Sunday, Jan. 30, 1927.—"Arnold, I am thankful to say, has got here and is a grand help in the last struggles. He preached this morning at the Chinese service at eight. Mary and I were in the congregation for our last Communion in the Cathedral."

All Saints, Tientsin, Sunday, Feb. 6, 1927.— " We got out of Peking on Monday last, Jan. 31. We were to have left by the 8.25 train in the morning, but I was too much done up at 7 a.m., and the doctor said I ought to wait till a later train if possible. . . .

" At 4.30 p.m. we left the station. . . . I feel I can manage the steamer journey to Shanghai all right. . . . We may be held up in the ice. . . . none of these things is within our control ; we need not worry."

To Wilfred Scott and his wife, after a quiet week in their house at Tientsin ;

S.S. Tungchow, Feb. 8, 1927.—" I have just been on the upper deck, watching the setting sun. . . . Well, good-bye dears, I don't know how to thank you for making my exit so kind and soothing and cheerful."

St. John's University, Shanghai, Sunday, Feb. 13, 1927. (This was written three hours before he passed away.)

" You must have a letter from here before we launch out into the deep.

" It is Sunday, and I am spending it with my dear friends, Bishop Graves and his daughters. Alas ! his gracious, most kind partner has passed away, but the family life continues with the traditions of her charming character and example. . . . They have taken us both in and made us very welcome and comfortable, though they, like all here, are swamped with refugees, missionaries from up country who, in the hideous English of the day, have been ' evacuated ' from their stations. . . . Arnold left us at Tientsin last Monday. We left next morning at 8.0 ; beautiful passage, stopping at Chefoo and Wei-hai-wei, to ' think ' farewell, but not to go ashore. . . . I am still feeble and short of breath and lame, but able to go on all right.

" We embark on the *Kalyan* on Tuesday. . . . I think it is likely to be my last voyage *but one*."

Bishop Arnold Scott tells the rest.

" On Sunday, Feb. 13, the bishop received the Holy Communion in St. John's pro-Cathedral, and after seeing many friends he went to Evensong at 6 o'clock. Half-way through the service he felt distress in breathing and went out with his niece to the bishop's house. Two doctors who were in the church came out and did all that was possible, but in a few minutes it was evident that the end was near.

Bishop Molony, the English bishop in Chekiang, also happened to be in church ; he was sent for and read the commendatory prayer, and Bishop Graves was also present when the end came at 7 o'clock.

Through the kindness of the Dean of Holy Trinity Cathedral in Shanghai (of which Bishop Scott had been made a Canon in 1877) the coffin was taken to the war memorial chapel in the cathedral, and rested there till the funeral on Wednesday, February 16.

Bishop Graves and the Dean conducted the service in the cathedral and at the grave, which was in a plot of land belonging to the American Church Mission at the Bubbling Well cemetery.

Though many of those who loved and honoured him were only able to be present in spirit, there were some at the graveside who represented various phases of the bishop's life. Naval chaplains were a reminder of his connexion with the navy, through his wife's family, and through his long friendship with Bishop Corfe.

Old Carthusians witnessed to his love for his old school, and to the associations with the hall and chapel of Old Charterhouse, for so many years connected with the meetings of the North China and Shantung Mission Association ; old friends from the Legation at Peking represented his long and devoted services to the English communities in North China ; and an old boy of Ch'ung Te School, Peking, made a link with the first and last home in Peking.

Lastly, most significant of all, there was the witness to his great share in the linking together of all the Anglican Missions in China, and the founding of the General Synod of the Chinese Church. He passed to his rest almost in the church where the Synod was constituted in 1912, and in the presence of an English and an American Bishop of the Chung-Hua-Sheng-Kung-Hui ; and Chinese, American and English priests carried his body to the grave.

Bishop Charles Scott lived through periods of grave anxiety and danger for China and the Chinese Church, and he has died at the most serious crisis of all. But those who knew him best remember that he never despaired either of the country or of the Church. In his last talk with Bishop Graves on the day of his death, he spoke of his hopes for the future. Those who are left to bear the burden of these anxious times may surely gather inspiration from his patient faith and hope.

There he rests in Shanghai, the first spot of Chinese soil which his feet touched fifty-three years before. So he was not to leave the land of his adoption for the Lord's sake ; we feel it was well.

Memories.

Let the following speak of one they knew and loved :—

Mary Scott.—" How almost impossible it is to choose among the crowding memories of more than twenty years, beginning with finding my

uncle waiting for me to land from a launch that had ploughed its way through the ice of the river to Taku, and continuing till we slowly pushed our way again through ice on February 8, 1927, on our way to Shanghai.

For the first part of this time he was still bishop of the diocese, and the memories are of the country cart journeys, and packing for them, and welcoming him back (if I had not gone too), so dusty as to be hardly recognisable, after one of our North China dust-storms.

Other memories are of bumpy journeys in the old mission cart, across the city to some pleasant party at the Legation, where he was ever a welcome guest. Again, of harassed moments when the cathedral plans *would* not go right. The burden of ' choice ' often lay very heavy on him ; I think it was because he saw both sides of every question so clearly.

Then, after the burden of office had been laid aside, and there were only those decisions to be made which affected his own doings and plans, how *relieved* he was ; and how often I have heard him say, with his tender, humorous smile to someone who asked questions which he was not disposed to answer : ' *I've resigned*,—ask Bishop Norris ! '

The delightful companionship of all those years : the holidays at St. Hilary's, when my uncle would read aloud after tea under the T'ing-tzu (a sort of pavilion), looking over the plain, to any guests who might be there until it was cool enough to go for a walk. And the

walks on the hills ; sometimes coming home helter-skelter down the rocky paths with a thunderstorm threatening at our very heels. The services in the little chapel—*English* for ourselves, and *Chinese* for the Chinese guests and servants. Those who shared these joys can never forget them.

And later, as he grew more infirm, our home-life became even more precious. The gay and kindly humour which lit up his talk : his welcome of the many who loved to come in for a quiet chat in his study, for counsel and comfort, spiritual or otherwise ; his interest in poetry, in music, in any new buildings, even in our dusty little garden, where he, in purple cassock, would tramp up and down in summer with his office book—these lasted all the time.

He was wonderfully expert with his hands, and many a little ' gadget ' was contrived or made by him for the home or St. Hilary's, and even the worn books in the school library, and many of his own and mine, shew his skilful mending.

Though he had no responsibilities after his return to Peking in 1915, yet he bore no small share, as long as he was able, in the ' serving ' the various churches—the cathedral, legation chapel and, for many months, a little church room opened in the East City for Chinese who could not generally get so far as the cathedral in the west.

He also did some translation work, and took immense pains when ' occupying the Chair of

ecclesiastical history,' as he humorously called it, for a small class of theological students, who were gathered in Peking for a time.

He still kept up his interest in everything and everyone. The rule made by him and Miles Greenwood at the outset was always kept : daily intercessions together, in English, for the work, in detail, in their chapel at noon ; later in the cathedral, when all would come who possibly could, and last in the Ch'ung Te school chapel, where the beautiful altar of teak, a thank-offering given by himself, is the exact replica of that burned with the whole church and mission in 1900.

He was so patient and full of gaiety, even when suffering much bodily discomfort. He dreaded, beyond all things, the idea of being confined to bed—an invalid, dependent on the care of others, and God in his mercy saved him from that hard thing.

' Thy statutes have been my songs : in the house of my pilgrimage ' he wrote on the fly-leaf of a Psalter which he constantly used, and his voice—sweet and mellow to the last—was always lifted up bravely in the hymns and psalms which in earlier days he had taught the Chinese to sing."

Bishop Norris. (This was written just before the bishop's death.)—" His is indeed a record to be thankful for : I had almost written ' to be proud of,' but the words don't fit the bishop's conspicuous humility. I doubt whether ' the

man in the street' would acclaim Bishop Scott as a great man, or a great leader; I doubt if there are many at home who realise wherein his greatness has lain. But those of us who have known him, have known that he was in thought, in word, in deed, more like his Master than most of us. . . . The world through its wisdom knows not God and cannot appreciate the value of God-likeness."

The Rev. Roland Allen.—"'The old bishop' never thrust himself into the limelight. He loved retirement. The days of his episcopacy were stirring . . . but to know what part he played is, I think, far from easy. He was, I suspect, himself unconscious of his influence. I remember once asking my Chinese teacher which of the foreigners he had met best understood Chinese 'Li' ('propriety,' as it is vilely translated), he said at once, 'the bishop.' Now, I had heard the bishop say frequently that he had never learnt Chinese Li, and was so profoundly ignorant of it that he had often felt awkward, and I was taken aback. I said to Chang: 'But the bishop always says that he does not know the simplest rules of Li,' and Chang answered: 'He does nothing right according to our rule, but what he does is always right.' That seemed to me truly typical of the bishop. Instinctive, inborn, love of the right action made his actions right. . . . There was a divine wisdom in him. It was visible to 'the seeing eye,' but he himself seemed commonly,

if not always, unconscious of it. I find it easy to believe, what I have heard in China, that he did much more to draw together those early Conferences of bishops out of which grew the Chung-Hua-Sheng-Kung-Hui than could ever be known. His action was not the energetic external action which shews, and cannot be hid. He was naturally hidden. He did not like, as I understood, even letters kept, and I destroyed them—letters full of grace. . . . His judgment is with his God, not as those words are commonly used, but essentially, eternally, deliberately, by his own will. I know no man, I have never known any man, of whom I felt that so strongly."

Bishop Iliff.—"As regards Bishop Scott's personality, I should say that his main characteristic was an infinite amount of patience—patience both towards people and events. He was one of those really great people who could bear with the trivialities of others with a good grace. . . . He had a wonderful sense of humour, which carried him (and many another missionary) through what might have been very difficult situations. He always seemed to be able to shed a ray of humour over any incident, however disagreeable it might be."

Deaconess Edith Ransome.—" . . (At first I) seem to have felt a little awe of him, and it was not till later that I appreciated the depth and breadth, the strength and sweetness of his character.

"In the troubles of 1900 we were parted from him, but I can never forget the warmth of his welcome at Tientsin, when we went into church and said together Psalm 123. Then came Mrs. Scott's illness, the voyage to Japan and the sad landing, when she was carried to our boarding-house and nursed devotedly by my sister. Two days later she passed away, and it was then in that hour of deepest sorrow that Bishop Scott's marvellous faith and patience and unselfishness were revealed as never before. Looking back to that time, I can only wonder as I think how he was upheld, how strength was given to him to meet the awful break, not with patience only, but with courage and cheerfulness which refused to sadden the rest of our little party.

"Surely there never was such a man to take care of one on a journey: constantly thoughtful and considerate for others, whether plodding along a country road and staying at a Chinese inn, or travelling by rail or steamer, always finding some quiet spot in which we managed to read Evensong together. . . .

"Others have spoken of Bishop Scott's courtesy. Can anyone forget it?—to foreigner and Chinese—man or woman, the same unfailing respect, and the sense too often in oneself of 'brusquerie' which by contrast made one ashamed. He laughingly told us that he had once converted a Chinese woman by his politeness!"

(In Deaconess Edith's long time of illness and disablement, Bishop Scott used constantly to

visit her, and almost every Sunday would celebrate Holy Communion for her in her room at 8 a.m., himself going into the Cathedral afterwards, for what remained of the service.)

Ruth Phillimore.—" It has, indeed, been a privilege to have known him intimately. His great humility, his constant courtesy, his ready humour and his wide-minded tolerance endeared him to all."

A. G. Bowden-Smith.—". . . . Never have I known any man like Bishop Scott, not only so saintly and courteous and always kind, but apparently without any weaknesses or prejudices. He had time and thought for everyone. . . . I shall never forget the many times his kindness has just helped me to face overpowering difficulties. . . . To have been privileged to know him a little is the greatest blessing of our being out here."

Rev. Li Tsun-lan, in an address to workers, based his remarks on Hebrews xiii, 7-17. He spoke of his gentleness, patience and forbearance with all his workers in an exceedingly nice way, and emphasised the fact that Bishop Scott would never give anyone up as a failure, but would try again and again, if need be, to find some other sphere of work for one who was not succeeding in the task appointed. He said that one of the most difficult things for him to understand was how Bishop Scott had been able to bear with all his (Mr. Li's) shortcomings.

Mary Hung (translated).—" I was only fifteen when Bishop Scott first came to Peking, forty-five years ago, and I still remember how the moment we saw that good and kindly face, and heard his gentle words, we all loved him. His patience was great, perhaps because he prayed about everything and seemed to look on the spiritual side of everything. He showed it especially in times of trouble. One thing I must mention. When he came to Peking we had no church at all, nor even a room that looked like a church. The first thing he did was to give us that, small enough ; but he was ever making it more beautiful. It was destroyed in 1900, and once more we worshipped in a room till 1907, when he built our beautiful cathedral. He designed it, he built it himself. In the chancel windows he put stained glass, with the figure of our Lord in the central light. Outside the building he caused a text to be cut : ' Look up to the Holy Place ; How beautiful it is.' And we Chinese Christians can never forget."

(From a Chinese priest who knew Bishop Scott for forty odd years.)

" I have known Bishop Scott ever since I was five years old.

" We have a Chinese saying, ' The superior man is a man of varied ability.' The Bishop was a man of God, and deeply versed in Christian doctrine ; but he was also a carpenter, an architect and a builder. In our Peking cathedral for instance, which he designed and built, it is

not any magnificence, costliness, or size that impresses one—it is the way in which the building strikes an imperative note of reverence. One day a foreign visitor remarked: 'I have seen many big churches, and none has ever so inspired me with reverence as this does.' Thus the bishop's character showed itself in his building.

"Secondly, I would insist on his gentleness and patience. He would show endless patience with the stupidest learner. Years ago someone told me how he went somewhere in Peking to preach with a Chinese companion, and on the way met some rude and insulting soldiers, one of whom struck him on the face. His Chinese companion got angry, and wanted to report the soldiers to their officers. The bishop would not allow it, because he knew the soldiers' punishment would be heavy; he said to his companion: 'There is no need to be excited, he has not hurt me.' This incident was typical of the bishop's patience."

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Huntington (of the American Church Mission, Anking).—"I felt a sense of deep personal loss in the death of your uncle. He has been for so long a guide and friend to the Chinese Church and to all who came within reach of his friendliness. That friendliness seems to me to have been one of his most striking characteristics. It went out with a warmth and geniality to all who had the pleasure of meeting him."

The Rev. L. B. Ridgely, D.D. (Head of the Central Theological School of the Chung-Hua-Sheng-Kung-Hui).—" Always he seemed to be living in the light, and now, with all the annoying sense of physical weakness gone, he is surely rejoicing in it ' more and more until the perfect day.' . . . To me it seems as if a bright light had gone out in our China. And yet it is only lifted up on high to be among the stars : for his name and influence will never be forgotten in the church in China, nor in the nation."

From " Truth," Feb. 23, 1927.—" Bishop C. P. Scott, who has died at Shanghai, at the beginning of his journey to England, has met his end at a tragic moment in the history of the land and people he loved. He had worked in China for more than half a century, and for a whole generation he was its bishop. Then, when his work was crowned by the formation of the Church of China, he resigned his See and once more became an ordinary missionary—*if such a man can be such a thing*. Dr. Scott was unquestionably a great missionary bishop, whose work, however clouded it may seem to be just now, cannot in the end fail of its civilising and humanising effect."

APPENDIX I

The Chung-Hua-Sheng-Kung-Hui

By Bishop F. L. Norris.

Bishop Scott and the General Synod.

Bishop Scott has been called (I think deservedly) the father of the "Chung-Hua-Sheng-Kung-Hui." But the share that he had in its first beginnings needs a little explaining. Forty years ago, I don't think that there had ever been a meeting of Anglican bishops, however few, still less a meeting of bishops and clergy, anywhere in China. The first idea of such a meeting was, I think, Bishop C. J. Corfe's, who in 1890, came out East as first Bishop in Corea. In 1897 the first Conference of Bishops was held, the senior bishop, Bishop Moule, of Mid-China, presiding. It may without prejudice be stated now that one of the strongest motives in bringing such a Conference about was the dismay felt by men like Bishop Corfe, Bishop Scott and Bishop Graves, at what threatened to be a real *impasse* between the English and American Church Missions over questions of jurisdiction at Shanghai, etc. The Conference met again in 1899 and 1903, and in the latter year some clergy were present.

On these three occasions only four or five China bishoprics were in existence, but Bishop Corfe (of Corea) was always invited to be

present. In order to realise how Bishop Scott came to the fore, it is only necessary to explain that first, Bishop Corfe could not lead, as his diocese being outside China he was only present by invitation ; secondly, that Bishop Moule was ageing rapidly, and though ever kindly and courteous, was hardly alive to the essential need and innate possibilities of such gatherings ; thirdly, that Bishop Scott, consecrated at the same time as Bishop Moule, but a far younger man, was thus the natural leader, not only by seniority, but even more by a patient far-sightedness, which enabled him to see the course to be followed and to follow it steadily through discouragement and difficulty.

For knowledge of the subject he naturally turned to Bishop Graves, who with his American training had experience to fall back upon, and whose strong, alert mind carried things forward more than once when Bishop Moule's apathy was tending towards inactivity. Bishop Graves had acted as secretary to the three previous meetings of bishops, and it was a circular letter from him as secretary (in 1906) which led to an appeal from the clergy of the different dioceses (now eight in number) to their bishops to summon another Conference. The result was the Conference of 1907, attended by seven bishops and sixteen priests, with Bishop Corfe and Bishop Arthur Turner, the second Bishop in Corea, as visitors.

Once more we may see the hand of God in the matter of leadership. Bishop Moule could not

be present till the second day, and Bishop Scott was chosen chairman *pro tem.* When Bishop Moule arrived next day, he declined the chairmanship to which he had been elected, and Bishop Scott was formally elected in his stead.

The 1907 Conference determined *inter alia* that in 1909 there should be another Conference with Chinese clergy and laity present ; and that Conference, when it met, drafted the preamble and constitution and first two canons for a General Synod of the Chung-Hua-Sheng-Kung-Hui. This draft was referred to the Diocesan Synods for approval. In all this work Bishop Scott was both leader and author, and it was a happy issue to labours which had extended over fifteen years that in 1912 he was once more chairman of the now enlarged Conference, which formed itself at its last session into the " General Synod of the Chung-Hua-Sheng-Kung-Hui." For another eighteen months he was the first chairman of its House of bishops, resigning when the time for resigning his diocese drew near. In 1915, at the outset of its second meeting, the General Synod passed a resolution of gratitude " for the long and devoted labours " of the bishop, and placed on record " its conviction that the successful organisation of the Chung-Hua-Sheng-Kung-Hui has been largely due, under God's guidance, to the stedfast faith and perseverance of Bishop Scott through many years of patient labour toward that end."

By Bishop Graves.

Bishop Graves, writing from Shanghai, adds the following testimony:—

"His patience, tact and sympathy were of the greatest service in the many difficult questions which came before us. Many of these were very naturally caused by the fact that the ecclesiastical systems of the Church of England and of the Church in the United States were so different, and here he seemed to understand the American point of view at once, and to form a sort of bridge between us, and so contributed greatly to the harmony with which our discussions were conducted and to the happy result at which we finally arrived. Perhaps I myself was the one who felt this most deeply, because I was a very young and inexperienced bishop, and because until 1902 I was the only one who was not English; but we all recognised his great gift of sympathy, and when the fifteen years of conference and preparation were over we rejoiced that he presided at the first General Synod of the Chinese Church."

APPENDIX II

Cyril Lytton Farrar.

Bishop and Mrs. Scott were most attentive to one of the sons of Dr. F. W. Farrar, afterwards Dean of Canterbury. Cyril won a place in the Chinese Imperial Customs under Sir Robert Hart and endeared himself to all who knew him. He died of consumption in the Cartwright's house, in Peking, on February 2, 1891. The whole Legation attended the funeral; Bishop Scott and F. L. Norris took the service. Cyril has left beautiful letters written from China, privately printed. Scott and I stood beside the grave in 1910. Sir Robert Hart's letters about Cyril, and also those of Bishop and Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Cartwright, and others, are a great tribute to a beautiful character.

H.H.M.

Roffey & Clark, Ltd., Printers, Croydon.

(1500/2—1570½) 5/28.

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